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MEMOIRS

OF

JENNIE E. BROWN RADER

TO

MY FAMILY

OF

TODAY AND YESTERDAY

2009858

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recd. Aug 3-1978

CHAPTER ONE

It is the summer of 1934 as I sit in the living room of my home in Bronxville, New York. My thoughts wing back to my childhood home and with them a flood of memories. It is more than half a century since I lived in Roanoke, a northern Indiana village. In retrospect, Roanoke spelled home to me longer than the twenty years I lived there. If you, too, were born in a village, you will appreciate the last stanza of Thomas Curtis Clarke's poem, HOOSIER HOME LAND:

"In every little town where meek hearts dwell
Where friendliness is a thing to prize
Oh that we had the magic tongue to tell
The glory of the world before our eyes"

Roanoke was built on hills, Methodist, Posey and Strawberry. Two branches of Cow Creek meandered through the village. Maples, elms and evergreens shaded its streets. Its homes provided a part of the culture which for a community of its size in those days was unusual. It was a peaceful hamlet, with its dusty or muddy streets, board walks, wooden bridges, picket fences, swinging gates and foot scrapers on the steps. Inside the homes were the wood burning stoves, rag rugs and coal oil lamps. There is an urge to recapture my earliest

recollections, perhaps adding others in order that my children may relive with me some of the experiences, which enriched my life and I hope theirs also.

Through the years I have speculated, as many others have, on the origin and choice of the name "Roanoke" for our village. Perhaps the most far fetched suggestion was that it came from the Indian word "Ravinauvak" meaning shells, then used for money.

As a child I remembered seeing an occasional Indian in our village. Magazine pictures of Indians intrigued me. My interest in learning about the Miami Indians of Northern Indiana was crystallized when I first heard of the remarkable Mrs. Anthony Revarre.

Her family name, Kilsquah, meant "Setting Sun". She was born in 1810 in the year of the Strawberry Moon, at the fork of the river, now known as Huntington County. She lived to be one hundred years and was the last of the pure blood Miami Indians in that region. Her grandfather, Chief Little Turtle, ruled over these tribes in the 18th and early 19th century. The Government ceded a section of land to him in Ohio. He disliked to move so far from his native haunts and traded it for land near Roanoke. There he built a hut of logs, cleared his land and engaged in farming until his death in 1846.



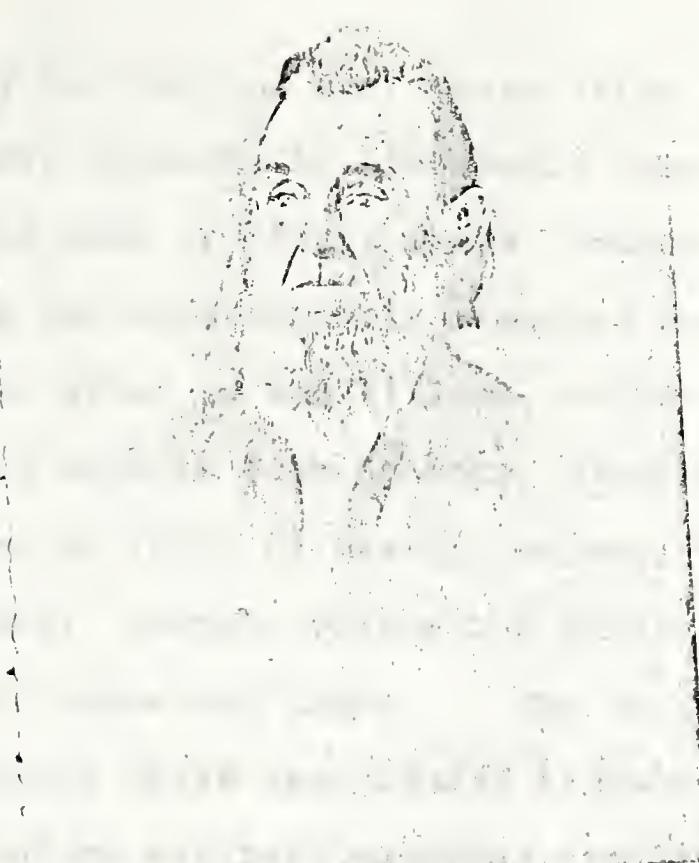
COLE BUILT 1890-1891, 1892-1893, 1894-1895



Kil-so-quah's girlhood was spent in the forests along the Wabash. At twenty years of age she married a young brave, John Owl. He lived but a year. Later Anthony Revarro, a French Indian half-breed, became her husband. She clung tenaciously to her wigwam. Her son was her interpreter for Kil-so-quah never learned to speak English. She delighted in having folks visit her, almost a century later she found an automobile ride was much to her liking. The last years of her life were spent on the Loon Indian Reservation near Roanoke.

In 1846, the year of Little Turtle's death, the Miami Indians left Northern Indiana and went to a new reservation in Kansas. Through the provision of a pact with the Government, signed by the Chiefs, many leaders were permitted to stay on the lands, where they and their people had lived for nearly two hundred years.

The choice of the name "Roanoke" for our village is interesting. In the early days there was an Irish settlement in Mahon, two miles south of Roanoke. It was there I taught my first and only term of school. Many Irish were employed in the construction of the Wabash-Erie Canal which was begun in 1832 and extended to Dickey Locks, a newly created village, three years



GABRIEL WEIMER

1801 - 1876



ELISABETH BROWN WEIMER

1811 - 1893

later. Why not imagine that these Irish immigrants came from Roanoke, Ireland, in Albermarle Sound and chose to re-name this town of Dickey Locks, Roanoke? But the fact remains the two most commonly accepted answers are that the name was given to the village, either by Colonel Jones, a canal boat captain from Roanoke, Virginia, or three years later, in 1850, by George Chapman, who made the original plat. Roanoke became the chief trading center between Fort Wayne and Lagre. The locating of a set of locks at Dickey Locks contributed largely to the activity.

Many of my earliest memories are linked with living and playing along the Wabash-Erie Canal. I have always had a lively interest in everything connected with it.

The story of the construction of this Canal is fascinating and much has been written about it. However my interest lies chiefly in the few miles stretching from Fort Wayne through Huntington County. To understand even superficially the life and activity of the more than thirty miles, one must re-live some of the early struggles of those pioneers.

Early in the 18th century some leaders realized that depending on a river system in that part of the country was risky business. A canal seemed to be the answer.

Their dream visioned a canal from Toledo, Ohio, at the head of the Maumee River, through Fort Wayne, south to Evansville where it would make connection with the Ohio River. General George Washington's dream also was to connect the Ohio River with the seaboard. In a letter to the Secretary of War, he mentioned a short portage between the upper waters of the Wabash and Maumee River near the site of Fort Wayne. A survey was made in 1818. Several years later, Ohio broke ground for her two big canals. Indiana also became interested. Congress aided in connecting the two rivers by ceding a strip of land on each side of the Canal. However, settlers along the Upper Wabash were poverty stricken because of lack of transportation facilities. It was they who urged the Legislature to accept the grant of land. Politics caused delay and it was not until 1831 that the sales were made.

In 1931 I spent a few months in the Panama Canal Zone and here I was reminded of the aid given to Indiana when I learned that the Republic of Panama had granted a similar strip of land on each side of the Canal to the United States. Another fact proved of interest when I learned that the very early dreams of a transcontinental canal in Panama were in the minds of men in the years which nearly paralleled the building of the Wabash-Erie Canal in Northern Indiana.

In 1834 a thousand men were working on the construction of the Canal. A year later both reached Huntington passing through Roanoke where I was born twenty-five years later. A celebration on July 4, 1835 marked the completion of the Canal between Fort Wayne and Huntington, then called Flint Springs. Captains, jigger bosses, lock tenders, freight handler, horse and mule drivers, all owed their bread and butter to the existence of the Canal. Many who helped dig the Canal remained to settle on nearby farms. In the early 30's few places in Indiana were as favorable as the Canal settlements. In addition to the work involved in the operation of the Canal, there were other work opportunities such as the building and repair of boats.

Life on the Canal moved on a more rapid pace than on the sluggish river. Many early settlers came by Canal packets or passenger boats, a few of which had accommodations for night travel. Most of the packets travelled seven or eight miles an hour in contrast to the freight barges which had a maximum of four miles an hour. It was luxurious travel compared to travel by stage. Mules or horses were harnessed to a rope about fifty yards ahead of the boat. Thus the passengers were not annoyed by the dust of the tow path. The electric mules used in the operation of the Panama Canal are a far cry from those of the Wabash-Erie.

The years from 1830 to 1840 brought great speculation. By 1859 the financial panic was very real. But in spite of the many difficulties encountered it was felt the work should continue due to the aid given Indiana on its promise to build this section of the Canal. By 1843 Ohio had completed the eastern end of the Canal and boats coming through from Lake Erie brought in thousands of new settlers. A year later the fastest packet service in the country was in operation between Fort Wayne and Lafayette, Indiana. The arrival of a packet in thinly settled Ohio or Indiana was the great event of the day. Mail did not always arrive on schedule. An editor in Peru wrote:

"It is a common occurrence for the mail to be carried by this point to Lafayette or Fort Wayne and returned two or three days later."

The Canal had its defects and limitations - sometimes it brought too much in the way of supplies and at other times not enough. The following item appeared in the FORT WAYNE TIMES AND PEOPLES PRESS; in August 1845:

"We regret to say that it is uncertain whether we will be able to publish more than an extra next week. We have the promise of a supply of paper by the first boat but the boat has not arrived, when it will, we know not. We learn the Canal between Huntington and Lago is destitute of water and there is not enough to fill it."

In my reading I have been intrigued by the description of canal travel, as pictured by two well known women. The professional tour of Frances Anne Butler (Fanny Kemble) took that English actress to Michigan and Wisconsin where she gave Shakespearean readings. She wrote:

"I like travelling by canal boat very much. She had compliments for the beautiful scenery and the quiet, placid gliding of the boats. However she reviles the 'horrible hen coop' and all its inconveniences in the space allotted to the women."

It is a little more than one hundred years ago that Fanny Kemble visited our shores. Now, in 1939, I have just finished reading Margaret Armstrong's FANNY KEMBLE which has just been published. I am greatly interested in the pages telling of her Shakespearean readings. She insisted on reading the Bard's plays in a certain order, beginning with KING LEAR and ending with THE TEMPEST. I wish with all my heart I could have heard her read THE TEMPEST. This play has always been my favorite.

In reading canal history I learned that Mrs. H. B. Beecher Stowe had written for the October 1841 LADY GODDESS'S BOOK. I assure you it was a thrilling moment to sit in the New York Public Library one hundred years later and read the entire article - THE CANAL BOATS. As a young girl I was an avid reader of that popular magazine. Mrs. Stowe

describes the many passengers and their comments:

"There's a boat" exclaims one.

"Where" exclaim a dozen other voices.

"Why, way down there under the bridge - don't you see the lights?"

"What, that little thing, dear me, we can't half of us get into it".

"You'll see" say the initiated.

She continued - "as soon as you get out of the omnibus, you see and hear what seems what a general breaking loose of tongues from the Tower of Babel, amid a perfect hailstorm of trunks, boxes, valises, carpet bags and everything describable and indescribable form of what a westerner calls 'plunder'."

Then follows a priceless description of plunder and passengers:

"The beds are little shelves about a foot wide hooked to the ceiling by a very suspiciously slender cord. Finally the women, children and carpet bags are sorted. Tired and drowsy you are just sinking into a dose when 'bang' goes the boat against the sides of the lock. Ropes scrape, men run and shout and up fly the heads of all the top shelf-ites, who are generally the more juvenile and airy part of the company."

Leland Stowe, grandson of the famous author, lives about a half a block from me - no doubt he would be surprised to know that his "almost next-door neighbor" is writing about his grandmother.

Before me is a copy of a letter written in 1847 by Frederick Lenerode, after he had visited the Ebersole family in Huntington County. He writes:

"Speaking of the voyage, we talked about before I left, about the time and expense, we left Fort Mahon on the packet to the Junction, expense \$13.25. Started from the Junction on a line boat, first rate, good usage. Captain's name, James Rouquet. Expense on the boat \$3.50 to Toledo. Next part of the journey was on the "General Wayne" and very unsatisfactory. The passengers were to be taken direct to Cleveland. Instead they were taken to Oregon, then returned the same evening to Toledo. We had to remain there with a 'rascallity' set of people and it was the meanest place I was over in. The steamer started the next morning at eight o'clock, pretending to go to Buffalo with some passengers and some for Cleveland. Instead of going there they went to Monroe, Michigan, to get loading. There were one hundred passengers on board. From there we started to the edge of the lake and met a schooner and loaded six hundred and fifty barrels of flour. And then on the back-track at six o'clock and were caught in a storm. It commenced between ten and one o'clock on Wednesday. There was no sleep that night for everyone on the boat thought the boat would sink. My woman was greatly alarmed, I was not alarmed at anything about it. We and my woman felt perfectly well while we were on the steambot. Arrived at Cleveland Thursday morning at five o'clock. Expenses from Toledo to Cleveland \$2.25. Then we started from Cleveland on a line boat to the Twelve mile lock again and got on the boat "Mohawk" and landed at Navarre at three o'clock in the afternoon.

Capt. A. Willard expenses \$2.90. Now we landed at home. When we arrived at home we found everything in good shape and all the folks in good health but the cut worms had cut all my corn and played "amash" among it."

Frederick Lenoir was the uncle of Mrs. John Hackett, the mother-in-law of my beloved cousin, Evelyn Wasmuth Hackett. The Junction that he mentions in the letter was the point where the Wabash-Erie Canal constructed to the Ohio-Indiana line connected with the Ohio-Miami in 1846.

In 1849 the first boat reached Terre Haute. It was an unfortunate year for a flood and cholera epidemic greatly reduced the tolls over those of the previous year. In the next several years there were many discouragements. Canal boats were often washed away, earth and sand were carried into the channel so that the boats some times were grounded and stranded for weeks. A railroad was under construction from Evansville to Terre Haute and a second along the Upper Wabash. The popular enthusiasm for the Canal was being changed in favor of the railroad. Plans were proposed to join Lake Erie with the Mississippi River by this means, even as the Wabash-Erie had made such linkage possible by boats. Several routes for the railroad were suggested, the most popular followed the Wabash Valley through Huntington, Wabash and Peru. One favorable argument for this

route was the greater development of this region, due to the advantages accrued through the Canal.

This route was approved at a meeting held in Logansport in the early summer of 1852. Four years later passenger service was in operation. The Lake Erie, Wabash and Saint Louis Railroad gave this region year-round service in contrast to that of the Canal. For during the winter ice blocked the Canal traffic. The Erie-Wabash later became the Wabash Railroad and continued as an exclusive railroad for this part of Indiana for thirty years.

In 1867, the Canal trustees ordered the closing of any part of the Canal not paying expenses. Three years later, the portion south of Terre Haute closed. The upper part continued to operate until the Wabash Railroad drove it out of existence. In 1874, the trustees surrendered the trust. By that time, most of the old water-way was nothing but a big ditch. The Wabash-Erie failure was the most tragic in Canal history, but the Wabash-Erie Canal played a tremendous part in the growth of Indiana and the Midwest.

CHAPTER TWO

In 1847 my maternal grandfather, Peter Grim, "was taking a trip to the West", with a neighbor, John Welmer. They recorded the story of their journey in a diary. The trip was made from Beach City, Ohio to a village near Toledo where they took a canal boat and as they travelled sold hymnals and solicited help for Otterbein University, Westerville, Ohio. Peter Grim was deciding whether or not to cast his lot with former neighbors who had settled in Huntington County.

In 1852 he moved his family from Stark County to a farm near Roanoke. This trip was made by boat from Cleveland to Toledo. Here he took a Sabash-Erie canal boat. The family came later by wagon. It consisted of my step-grandmother, Barbara Welmer Grim, my mother, Mary, aged twenty, her four brothers, two half-sisters, Ellen and Lenna, two half-brothers, John and Isaac.

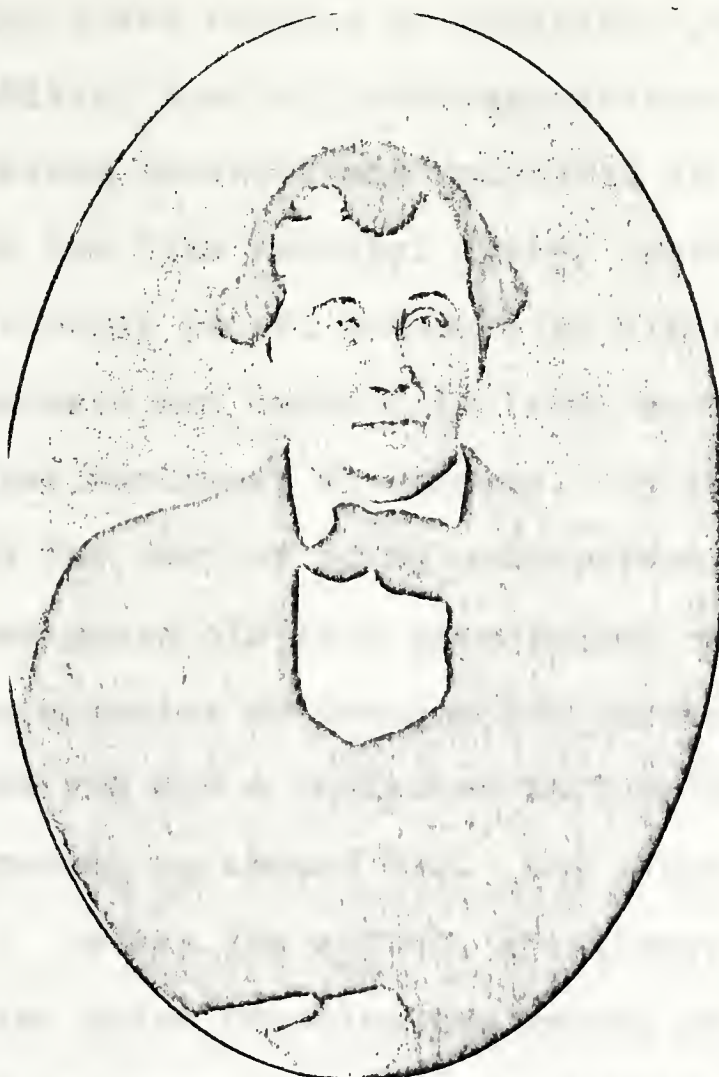
My grandmother, Rachel Harbaugh Grim, was born in Eastern Ohio. When she was eleven years old her mother died and she was raised by a family named Walters. Her father moved to Rock Island, Illinois, married again and had two sons, Timothy and Jewell. I wish I knew more about my grandmother Rachel. In reading a small volume-ANNALS OF THE HARBAUGHS IN AMERICA from 1736 to 1856-which dealt with the Harbaugh branch living in Pennsylvania

There is but one mention of a Harbaugh living in Ohio, a George Harbaugh in Tuscarawas County. Beach City and Wilmot are on the border line between Stark and Tuscarawas County. Both play an important part in the lives of my paternal and maternal grandparents. After my grandmother's death, Grandfather Peter married Barbara Weimer, daughter of John Weimer.

The Grim homestead in Ohio was a log cabin built in 1825, located on the Chestnut Ridge Road near Beach City. It was the home of Peter Grim until he moved to Indiana.

My maternal great-grandfather, Joseph Grim, married Mary Bash, an aunt of Henry, John, Martin and Mary Bash, in whose home I played as a child. The early Grimms were members of a society which held all property in common. Joseph made a pact with Emanuel John not to marry but was the first to break the promise. When he married he left his home and joined another church. Folks called him a "Shouting Methodist".

Grandfather Peter Grim was born in Columbiana County, Ohio, which in the early days was a part of Stark County. I would like to speculate about the very early Grimms in Germany. I believe my branch of the family came from that part of the country near the French border. In a history of the Grimms who lived in Pennsylvania, the author, William Gabril Long, wrote that his branch traces its ancestry to



PETER GRIM

1805-1862

a Norman baron living in the time of William the Conqueror. That branch settled in Alsace, later in Wurttenburg. They fled there because of religious persecution. It is a possibility that my great-grandfather may have been one of seven brothers who emigrated to North America early in the 18th Century. Mary, Daniel and Peter were favorite names in all branches of the family.

Barbara and Peter Grim lived on a farm, two and a half miles northwest of Roanoke. My early years were spent in the company of my grandparents, uncles and cousins. I was two years old when grandfather died - I have many precious memories of Grandmother Barbara. She was deeply religious and had a wholesome influence on the young folks growing up around her. She lived out her years in Roanoke. As was the custom, she always wore a black dress, the skirt touching the ground and on Sunday, when she went to church, she added a little black bonnet, a shawl and black cotton gloves. Her grandson, E. H. Wasmuth, writing of her in his saga - OF A HOOSIER VILLAGE -

"I can see that grandmother of mine walking up and down the aisle, gesturing with the black covered ends of her long arms in short and meaningful gestures. In one hand waving a white handkerchief, as she blessed God and told her experience."

My paternal grandparents were John and Elisabeth Cumbauld Brown. Shortly after my great-grandparents, Joseph and Rosanna Brown, were married in Maryland, they moved to Strasburg, Tuscarawas County, and were among the

first settlers. These pioneers lived with the dread of Indians and endured the hardships of a new country. In 1825 Joseph died leaving Rosanna to care for a family of ten. Twenty-two years later she moved to DeKalb, Indiana, with some of her children where she died at the age of seventy-five. She lived in Ohio, surrounded by her children and grandchildren and became a devoted and loved "grannie". Many a tear stained youngster watched her drive off to make her home in Indiana. I have a copy of her obituary, written by Rev. J. Sowers -

"In her last affliction she had evidence that her time had come. Her face began to grow strong like the great patriarch."

Great Grandmother Rosanna Brown died just three weeks before I was born. I like to think that she knew that her sixteenth great grandchild was on the way.

My grandmother, Elisabeth Dumbauld Brown, known to everyone as "Betsey" was born in Fayette County, Pennsylvania in 1811. Her grandfather, Ernestfried, sometimes called "Frederick" came from Berne, Switzerland, to America, with his brother, Abraham. They arrived October 19, 1738, on the "Brigantine Perthamby" which sailed from Rotterdam. He married Elisabeth Hager of Hagerstown, Maryland. Two sons and six daughters were born to them.

Their third child, Phillip, married Susan Weimer, and they had three daughters, one of them was named Elisabeth. There had always been an Elisabeth in the family since the first Elisabeth Hager Fumbauld. It was my grandmother who was given this cherished name. When she was twenty she went with her sister and brother-in-law to make a new home in Ohio. I was eighteen when I visited her. One day she told me that shortly after she came to Stark County she was in the garden. At the garden gate she saw the handsomest man she had ever seen, and she added, "Jonnie, he was your grandfather". John and Elisabeth had two sons and a daughter. My father was four years old when his father died. Betsey was left at the age of twenty-seven to raise her little brood of three, Robert, the eldest, Joseph, my father, and Sarah who was three.

Three years ^{later} Betsey married Gabriel Weimer and moved to his home in Wilmot. His first wife, beautiful Anne Overholt, had died a year before, leaving seven children. Sarah Ann, the eldest, took the responsibility of helping her father care for the children. The time came when Gabriel asked her which she would prefer, to continue carrying on as she had been doing or that he should marry. She chose marriage for him. Thus Sarah Ann and the other six, were in "a state of mind" to welcome

Mrs. Elisabeth Brown. Gabriel married her on March 28, 1840. So, with Betsy's three, there were ten children in the home. In the next few years, there were three sets of children - brothers and sisters, step-brothers and sisters, half-brothers and sisters. Soon the ten became sixteen. Through the more than one hundred years since Betsy was carried across the threshold, the Weimers have been woven into the lives of all the Browns and Grims of my family.

What of Gabriel and his family? Seven years after Joseph and Roseanna Brown emigrated from Maryland to Ohio, the Weimer boys, Peter, John and Gabriel, a lad of fourteen, came to this part of Ohio from Somerset County, Pennsylvania. With them were their mother, Susanna Leonhart Weimer, their two sisters, Mary and Catherine. Another daughter, Eliza, had remained in Pennsylvania. The father, John Weimer, Jr. had died a few years earlier. The family had intended to move to Ohio in 1812, but the war broke out and the fear of Indian massacres had delayed their departure for three years. In 1818 they started westward.

In Susanna's party were two daughters, three sons, a daughter-in-law, a nephew, David, who had married his cousin, Catherine, and their twin daughters. One wagon held all their household goods. It was packed so full

and so high there was only room enough for one person in the driver's seat. Catherine held one of the twins, Susanna, the other. They took turns riding on the front seat. There was an extra seat used turn about. The men folks walked all the way from Donnagel, Pennsylvania, to their Ohio land which had been purchased from the Government. One hundred and six years after Susanna had left her Pennsylvania home, my daughter, driving through the western part of the State stopped at Donnagel. It was a rainy Sunday so she could not visit the old Weimer neighborhood. She stopped at the small cemetery known as the Poarch Cemetery. Here she located a dozen or more Weimer graves. Among these were those of the earliest Weimers in Fayette County, Michael, John and David.

When the eight Weimers reached Stark County they built cabins, one for each family. They made their new home just seven years after the first settlers, John Grounds, and his son Jacob, had come to Sugar Creek Township from Maryland in 1803. This Weimer family laid the foundation of a life rich in the eternal values.

The men drove to Dover, seven miles distant, for all their supplies. Occasionally their mother went with them. Their road led them through dense forests - frequently they had to ford streams. General William Butt, de-

scribed by a fellow townsman "as quite a personage" lived in Dover. On muster days, the soldiers marched with a flourish of trumpets and at their head rode the General. He was a widower, when he saw Susanna Weimer, and lost no time in making her Susanna Butt, taking her to live in a comfortable home in Dover.

Four years after Susanna arrived in Ohio, she wrote to her eighteen year old son, Gabriel, who had gone to Steubenville, Ohio, to learn the saddler's trade. She exhorted ^{him} to become a Christian and revealed her strong convictions and religious beliefs:

Tuscarawas County, Dover Township
December the Sixth, 1819

My Dear Son:

I received your letter and am glad to hear you are well in health and not without the fear of God. It is a good thing to be religiously inclined, better still to have it experimentally settled in the heart and blessed happy are they who can keep it to the end. I think by your letter the Lord is drawing your heart for heaven and if you will yield to the drawings of the Father and the enlightening grace of the Son of God you may soon feel the comforts of the Spirit.

My dear son, religion is worth a great deal, yea, nothing is to be compared to it. Well might Moses choose rather to suffer affliction with the people of God and then get to heaven than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season and go to hell.

But looking toward the recompense of reward, David could say I had rather be a door keeper in the house of my God than to dwell in the

tents of wickedness. Fly from the wrath of God and rest not until you feel God has power on earth to forgive sins.

Through the goodness of God I have got a little better in health than I was when friend Waker was here and the rest are much in the common way. The weimers, I think, are in earnest for heaven at present and there is considerable stir in some places.

May the Lord send you a good time. Peter weimer calculates of going to the glades after New Year and I expect he will call with you on his way. If friend Waker has not sent the dried apples, when you get this letter, he may wait until Peter comes there.

I will now conclude with my kind love to you, Waker and family, and so remain

Your affectionate mother

Susanna Butt

Gabriel Weimer in Steubenville

later

Eight years/ she was buried in the Weimer Hill Cemetery.

The inscription over her grave reads:

On memory of
Susanna Butt
Relict of John Weimer, decess. She departed this life, Octr 29th 1827 aged 61 yrs

In 1825 there was a great religious awakening in this section of Ohio. Bishop M. Newcomer of the United Brethern Church passed through Stark County, making the Weimer home his stopping place. About this time, the first school house in the district was built upon the highest hill. It stood one hundred feet southwest of

the church, which was the First United Brethern Church in the East Ohio Conference and was known as the Weimer Church. Slabs were used as pews. At the north side of the church was a high wooden pulpit. The preacher ascended a flight of steps, standing on a sort of box from which only the upper part of his body was visible to the congregation. With his head high up in the heated atmosphere of the room, it is no wonder that his sermon partook more of a discussion of a place to be avoided than a place to be obtained. The building was entered by two doors, one from the South exclusively by men; the one from the East was for the women of the congregation. A low partition ran through the center of the room separating the men from the women. Great was the consternation when occasionally a stranger wandered through the wrong door. It was feared that judgment might be instantly visited upon the intruder.

In those days, especially in the country districts, corner stone laying was not much in vogue, yet we know who did the labor on the Weimer church. A Mr. Brubaker was the boss carpenter, the masonry was done by John Bash, father of Uncle Henry Bash, who was to marry Gabriel Weimer's daughter, Susan, probably named for her grandmother Susanna. John Bash was assisted by my maternal grandfather, Peter Grim, who was an eloquent exhorter in the early days of the church.

Let us return to my grandparents Gabriel and Betsey with their busy and growing family. Sarah Brown, my beloved Aunt Sarah Shiolor, was about the age of Caroline Weimer; Joseph Brown, my father, about as old as Orlando Weimer; Robert Brown about the age of Josiah Weimer. It was like having three sets of twins. When Caroline and Sarah were old enough to go to school, there were ten in school at one time. They had to take lunch for so many that they put it in a basket with a pole through the handle so two could carry it. Corn cakes were always on the menu. When there were so many in school, there were small cots at home. The older girls stayed home a week at a time, turn about, to help with the work and take care of the babies. Betsey wove yards and yards of flannel to make dresses for herself and the girls. She kept busy weaving sheets, towels and napkins. Her weaving was done in the daytime, at night she walked with the babies and knitted stockings.

At first Sarah Brown was very homesick for her granny Brown, with whom she had spent much time after her father's death. She was grief stricken when Granny moved to Indiana. As the covered wagon disappeared over the hill, to comfort Sarah her mother said "Don't cry Sarah, maybe a baby might come to our house, if so you may name her Rosanna after your Grannie". Very soon a baby daughter arrived

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and was named Rose Ann. She became Sarah's particular charge. As the babies came, the older children were marrying, so there were never, for any length of time, more than a dozen in the household. When the last baby, Solomon, arrived he had nieces and nephews older than he was.

What amusements did these young Weimers, Browns and their neighbors enjoy? During summer and autumn there were apple cuttings. The young and the old met to peel, quarter and core apples to dry or be made into gallons of apple butter. It was cooked outdoors in huge copper kettles. It took until well into the night to properly boil down the butter. They combined work and play, refreshments were served after the work was done. Corn huskings were of the same pattern. The quilting was done by the women and older girls during the day, the men came at night for feast and play. There were winter bob sled parties. What mattered if the treacherous sleds did sometimes ever turn in snow drift, it only added to the fun and merriment. Camp meetings were the big events of the year, when folks came from miles around, pitched their tents, feasting on spiritual manna as well as temporal, which was abundantly provided. Many love matches blossomed during these meetings.

So my father grew to manhood in a wonderful home made so by his mother and Gabriel Weimer, surrounded by their

brood of sixteen. In the Peter Grim home, not far away, he found my lovely mother, Mary. He followed the Grim family to Indiana, as soon as he completed a term at Otterbein University. The teen aged neighbors were married in Roanoke in 1852.



MAJ. W. H. BROWN

1832 - 1873



JOSEPH M. BROWN
1834 - 1863.



4-7

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CHAPTER THREE

My childhood began July 14, 1860 in a log cabin on a high hill looking over the village of Reahoke and the Wabash-Erie Canal. I was the third daughter, my sister Ida died in infancy, Indiana or India, as she was usually called, lived to be five. My parents were teachers, my father often worked as a carpenter. Early in 1859 my father spent four months in Ohio Mills, Missouri. A cousin, Solomon Weimer, from Ohio settled there. From the letters my parents wrote at that time, I have a clear picture of the little sister I never saw and the place she held in father's heart. He hoped to get a school there but was disappointed. From all accounts Solomon Weimer, a brother of grandmother Barbara Weimer Grim, seemed to be doing very well. He had many irons in the fire, one was selling books in the surrounding country. Solomon Weimer was a born trader and I have reason to believe that he had an apt pupil in my father. The letters from Missouri told of the many opportunities that awaited the pioneer. Plans for mother and India to join him began to unfold. He wants India to know that when she gets to Missouri she can ride the little ponies he has been describing to her. He hoped to send for his family by the first of June and that if Mary "calculates to come she can make preparations, but if not, she can look for a fellow about five

feet, eight inches tall, very shabbily dressed by the name of J. H. Brown. He was very homesick and wrote that he could not stay away from them beyond June.

At the time he was helping a Mr. Laucks build a church ten miles from Ohio Mills. Writing of new friends he says - "Mr. Laucks and his Lady, Mr. Duncan and his lady, have gone to take a ride on the prairie. I would be very lonesome if I were not talking to you and Indiana, but as it is I enjoy myself as much as can be expected. Oh how I wish you were here so I could talk to you face to face." He tells mother what she should bring with her, not forgetting "his shaving knife". In a postscript he tells India "to study well, be a good little girl and think about her Pa lots." India was not five but she could name all the states with their capitols.

In his May second letter he speaks of how much at home the Solomon Weimers make him feel. He thinks his cousin is the shrewdest trader in the country, so honest and "he makes it pay". He suggests that mother tell her father Peter Grim, that there is a splendid farm four miles from Ohio Mills. It is a hundred and sixty acre farm, half of which is under cultivation, with a splendid young orchard, a good frame house, stable and smoke house. It could be bought for twelve dollars an acre.

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He assures my grandfather that if he could see the farm he could suit himself much better there than in Indiana. He could make money a great deal easier in Missouri by raising stock which is a "cash value article". He closes the letter, "Oh, Mary I do wish you were here with me. I could work with some satisfaction then. I would not have my mind way back in Indiana. Mary, I cannot help but shed tears".

Most of the letters written by my father then and later were signed simply J. H. Brown. To us it seems a bit odd that a father writing to his four year old daughter uses that signature. In writing to his step-father, Gabriel Welmer, he calls him "Daddy". When he addressed or wrote to his father-in-law or mother-in-law, it is always father and mother. As I read the letters exchanged by my parents, it is interesting and sometimes amusing to note the different salutations used. Some were very formal, others less so and more natural. This holds true, too, often for the signatures, although many have affectionate greetings warmly expressed. In letters written in May and June, he told mother how to pack the household goods, the route to be taken, and to make preparation so that when he returns for his family all will be in readiness.

Finally mother wrote that if he could do better in Missouri that she would return with him "as regards my coming to Missouri I hardly know what to say, I will do as you think best. If you think you would like Missouri as a future home, I will try and come". The following is the last letter I have written at that time:

Ohio Mills June 15th

Dear Mary - It is with pleasure that I attempt to answer your letter which duly arrived. I was going to start for home tomorrow but I was disappointed in getting my money. So I will have to wait. A week will seem like a month. Oh how I wish I were home. If you and India were here I would be well satisfied but as it is I feel miserable. I think I can do much better here than in Indiana. If I did not think so I would not want you to come. Everybody that is acquainted with the River says that it will be healthy about the first of August.

All the merchants in this part of the country go to St. Louis for goods the first of July and we can move cheaper now than any other time of the year. You had better quit your school, if they will not pay you anything, well and good. If not, let it go, we can get along without it. I am sorry you commenced. Mary you will be willing to come if I can come after you, won't you? I wish you could imagine my feelings. I will, if I ever get home safe and we can get here safe again, I will never leave you that long again. I might have known better. I will in all probability be at home as soon as you get this. No more at present but believe me your

Sincere Husband

J. M. Brown

Mary Brown
&
Indiana

The reference to the safety of the river was an answer to questions raised about health conditions of travel on the Mississippi River. What happened between my father's return and early September when Indiana died I do not know. In October Solomon Weimer wrote urging my father to return to Missouri. He told him of the many advantageous trades he had made. Also of the adventure of his two brothers-in-law who had started for the "gold diggings of Pike's Peak". They had taken a wagon, three yoke of cattle and enough provisions to last nine months. There was also the necessities of mining tools, guns and ammunition. The trip was to take forty days. The general idea seemed to be on to Missouri, then to gold and fortune in Colorado. This letter seems to be the last link of my father's dream of a future in Missouri.

In several letters written to father in Missouri mother mentioned his desire to sell books. As was the custom and for many years books were sold from door to door. In August 1859 father wrote to a publishing firm inquiring about selling books in Indiana. I have the reply written by W. F. Burns who had the "Superintendancy of acts." in Indiana. He employed agents by the month paying them twenty-five to seventy-five dollars per month depending on how successful a salesman the agent proved to be. He offered father forty dollars for the first

month, and asked him to sell four copies of Plattwood's "Life of Christ" a day or the same of the other work of like price (\$2.50). Father was to pay five dollars for two sample books. "You can pay your Board bill by deducting 12½ cents on the book you sell or let it stand until the book is delivered". Two things about this letter interest me, the price of the deal and the fact that twenty-one years later I was to know a great deal about book agents and a bit about the publishing business.

There is little information about my parents from the fall of 1859 until I arrive on the scene in the summer of 1860. My father probably continued to teach and work at the carpentry trade. He enlisted when I was about fifteen months old, perhaps on October 4, 1860. Very soon after his enlistment in the 47th Indiana Regiment of Volunteers, mother and I went to live with my grandparents on their farm north of Roanoke. What I know of my early life has come from the reading of letters my parents and their relatives wrote during the little more than a year that father was in the Army. Mary and Joseph Brown wrote faithfully and often, but the letters were often delayed. It is difficult to choose from so many but the following four will give us a picture of the 47th Regiment and the bit of home news in December 1861:

Sunday

December 15, 1861

Dear Mary - it is with pleasure that I attempt to write from the first Secession Camp in Kentucky, they were routed some time ago. We left Camp Sullivan (Indianapolis) on Friday evening. Saturday morning at three o'clock we got to Jeffersonville. We stayed on the cars until six o'clock. Then we got into ranks and marched through town. At about 11 o'clock we crossed the river to about 2 miles to the outskirts of Louisville. When we went through Louisville the Ladies shook their white kerchiefs and waved the stars and stripes from every window and balcony along our March. We cheered them until I could yell no longer. This is delightful country, how it is further south I am not able to tell you. But if there is much of it as nice as this, after the war is over we will move South. We will go south to Bardstown tomorrow, that is about sixty miles. I guess we will have to go on foot, if we do I will have to leave my comfort, my load is too heavy. I received a letter from you at Jeffersonville was awful glad to hear from you, still two letters you have not answered yet. You must be a little bit more punctual. I am now in Secession and I do not know what minute I will be shot and a letter from any of my friends will make me feel awful good. Guess I can't write you another letter until we get to Bardstown, if I can I will. Still I want you to write often. I have eleven stamps and 32 cents in money. I will send my likeness in this letter. We are in camp in General Buckner's land, that is it once was his but he is a Rebel General and Uncle Sam sold his property for him. It is a nice situation but he fooled it away and has nothing for it. I will have to close my letter. Write often. Direct your letters for the present to J.M. Brown 47th Regiment Volunteers (Indiana) Indianapolis, in care of Cap. Lintrode. Tell Jennie to be a good little girl. I remain yours as ever

Jos. M. Brown

Mary Ann Brown

Many of father's letters were written on paper decorated with pictures of flags or soldiers. Oftentimes there is a sentence or two with the picture. Often the envelopes were decorated. The above letter had in the upper left hand corner a boy holding a furled flag. The picture is in blue and printed vertically in blue these two lines:

When our hosts go proudly forth
 Let foes beware the spirit of the North

On December 10, four days after the above letter was written in Louisville, mother wrote that she had received the letter written on the fifteenth so in those days four days represented excellent time.

Roanoke, December 10th

Dear Husband: I received your letter written at Louisville this evening. I was very glad you are well and in such good spirits, but was sorry to hear that you were going so far South where there is so much danger, for I had still entertained the hope that you would not get in battle. I should have answered your other letters but I did not know where to direct them as you said you were going to leave there. I heard last Sunday that you had gone to Missouri. I could not tell you how bad I felt about it. It seemed to me that I would almost rather have you go anywhere else. Jennie has been very cross for a few days. I do not think she is very well. O yes, I almost forgot to tell you that I weaned her. I went to Huntington and left her at home. Daniel and I went down on the six o'clock train and came back on the ten o'clock. My trip was all for nothing since they (the Commissioners) the 5th day of this month, met, and little was done. They have come down one-half. A woman gets 50 cts. and a child 25 cts. a month. Then some disinterested person has to file an affidavit that they have no means of making a livelihood. They draw only three months from the time

of enlistment. I saw George Klinge just as we were leaving for home. He said he would go to the office and see about it. It is hardly worth bothering about it. Henry Bash was here this afternoon trying to buy Father's hogs. He invited us to a turkey roast on Christmas. I was very glad to get your likeness but I would have liked much better to have seen you and had a chat with you. I am sitting at the stand alone for the rest are all gone to bed. I want you to write often, let us know all the news, whether you have plenty to eat. I must close as Jennie is about waking up. I do not get much time for Jennie bothers me a great deal. She does not sleep much day time any more.

Mary Brown

Two items interest me. The reference to Missouri - evidently my mother did not whole heartedly approve the trek to Missouri that father made in 1858. I copied this letter very carefully and the part of the sentence "a woman gets 50 cts a month and a child 25 cts" means that the allotment for a family was practically nil.

Mother wrote on Christmas and again two days later telling about the home Christmas activities:

Roanoke Dec. the 25th 1861

Dear Husband -

It is with the greatest pleasure that I sit down to write you a few lines. We are well, hoping these lines will find you enjoying the same blessing. This is Christmas morning so I thought I would write you. We intend to take a sleigh ride to Roanoke. I have been looking for a letter every day as I wrote the last one. Jennie is in bed asleep yet. She was very well pleased with your likeness. She kisses it every time I show it to her and wants me to kiss too. She

meeting is still going on at the Centre. Last Sunday we took a sleigh ride to hear Fast preach. There were about two dozen to hear the preaching. We heard that they had a fight in Missouri and that our men have taken a thousand men. I would like to visit your camp this morning and see how you all do. Breakfast is ready so I will close.

Mary Brown

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Roanoke, Dec. 27th, 1861

Dear Husband - I received your letter written on the 22nd. I was very glad to hear from you but I was sorry to hear that you had a bad cold. We had a nice time Christmas. We were to a picnic at the church in the forenoon, they had quite a nice dinner. After it was all over we went to Henry Bash's to a turkey roast. You said you had 7 cents of money yet, I have 35 cents and I am very saving of it for I fear I will not get any more soon. I got three dollars of Mrs. R. Rockwell. I paid Daniel two and spent 60 cts. to go to Huntington again. So you see I have very little left. Jennie is as mischievous as ever, she can say "goodbye" when anyone goes out and when they come in "good morning". She has to romp with grandpa every evening. I am at a loss to know what to write about. You complain that my letters are so short but what is there to write about, you have more news than we do. We have had some good news from Missouri, they have taken one thousand two prisoners, about one thousand head of horses and two hundred wagon loads of supplies. They were intended for Price's army. I cannot give you the particulars as the paper is not here. There was a long letter in the HERALD from the 47th and one from the 24th. Mother is baking for the butchering today, so if you were here you would get some pies and cakes. I must close but remain your sincere friend

Mary Brown

In 1860 Professor F. S. Reefy, in charge of schools of Wilmet, Stark County, Ohio, former home of many Roanoke residents, visited our village. He was greatly encouraged by the interest of the townspeople and decided to found a school but in spite of this the project almost died in the political excitement of the time. With the declaration of war the Seminary lost many prospective students to the Army. It was also difficult to secure workmen to erect the building. When it was almost completed a severe storm all but demolished it. Thanks to the determination of those who had so faithfully worked on this project, the Roanoke Classical Seminary was launched in 1861. It was advertised as a "First Class School for Males and Females". Because of this institution Roanoke became known as the "Athens of Northern Indiana" in a period when high schools and colleges were almost unknown in this area. Professor Reefy wielded a great influence on the lives of those who enrolled as students and on all young people in the community. In the war letters he is mentioned many times. A year after the Seminary opened he wrote the following letter to my father:

Roanoke, Indiana June 1st 1862

Friend Brown -

Sir, your communication addressed to me almost a month ago was duly received and read with pleasure. It would have been answered sooner but I was home during the time it reached Roanoke. Many a time I looked for a letter but I was always disappointed but

according to the old Proverb - "Long looked for came at last". Well, Joe, I suppose you have some fine times along with your hardships. Whether I would enjoy anything of that kind, I know not, but it seems to me I would be too much inclined to be alone. I love solitude as a means of much pleasure and highly essential to call out the hidden treasures of the mind. I suppose a soldier's life does not afford one time for much meditation. However one thing it affords and that is a splendid opportunity for the study of human nature, not from books but from observation.

Roanoke is about as heretofore only we miss our soldier boys. Our School continues to prosper. The present school term will close this month. W. S. Selmer has been with us for a month, he gives instruction in penmanship and takes lessons in French and Latin. He attended a two days review for a teachers' Institute held in Huntington last week. Had rather a tall time. Some big spouting by some of the teachers. So you see we are moving educational matters at home while you are operating on ignorance abroad. I suppose from all appearances that fighting is about all gone up. Haste will account for poor penmanship.

Yours truly,
P. J. Seely

This afternoon I have been reading the war time letters of the first three months of 1862. I am impressed not only with the number of letters written by my parents and the in-laws in Roanoke but with the number father received from various members of his family in Ohio. All of them give a clear picture of the progress of the Union Army as seen not only through the eyes of Private Joseph M. Brown but also of newspaper accounts related by the home folks. I have

mentioned the formality of the greetings but I am very conscious of the repeated use of the word "friend" and its meaning. My forebears seemed to have not only deep family loyalties but they were friends. I feel the warmth of their friendships and the word "friend" had a depth of meaning. One of father's most faithful correspondents was Uncle Josiah Grim, mother's oldest brother. He owned the general store in Roanoke. Most of his letters begin "Mr. J. M. Brown" and "Dear Sir" and close "Yours truly". Uncle Joe wrote not only of the family interest but was an avid reader of war news. Late in January he wrote:

.....I was truly glad to hear from you and the rest of the boys. I feel a great interest in the success of the Company, their interest is my interest. I see that by the date of yours that you wrote when the great battle was fought at Somerset. We captured 1400 horses and mules, 14 cannon, 80 wagon load of commissary and medical supplies. Col. McCook was wounded, but not serious. We also captured all the steamboat flats and from 7 to 10 regiments are in pursuit of the rebels. Indiana fought bravely. Our loss is 39 killed and 150 wounded. Your folks are well. Mary did not say anything about shoes. When she comes down I will give her a pair and one for Jennie. I will enclose some stamps. Any time when you want any make your wants known and I will at all times try to do the best for you.

This letter was signed -"From your friend Joe."

Four days later he wrote:

I concluded to try and keep up my reputation and so I write again. We are still at the old stand selling tape, etc. There is still not near the same amount of Pitch in it since goods have advanced in prices. People are now glad to get goods and thankful of they get no farther. I think from present indications that the war won't last long. If Gen. Burnside is successful, which no doubt he will be, he will use up Secession some in North Carolina. He is in Pamlico Sound with 125 vessels of all kinds and he no doubt will take New Bern and then Goldsborough. If he does he will cut off communication of South Carolina and Virginia getting in possession of all the Rail Roads. So you see with McClellan on the Potomac, Hatteras Inlet in our possession, Burnside's expedition in Pamlico Sound, Sherman and Dupont at Port Royal, Port Pulaski evacuated, Charleston and Savannah Harbors filled with stone fleets (sunk), Col. Brown at Pensacola, Phelps at Ship Island, Butler at Biloxi, Lone Siegel and other officers in Missouri with Grant, McClellan, Smith, Wallace, Euel in Kentucky, you see we will soon be able to make some show against the Rebels. I see by this morning's paper that Beauregard got to Columbus, takes command under Johnson. You will probably hear Lane giving the Rebels Hell soon. The Government has given him the privilege of fighting Secesh in his own way. They have given him 34,000 white men and as many Negroes and Indians as he can get. He has selected all Western men, 15,000 cavalry to accompany him, he will be worse than all the plagues of Egypt. He calculates to live on what he gets.

Accept my best wishes for your health and write soon.

Yours,

J. S. Grim

Quoting from a February 12th letter of 1862 from Uncle Joe -

..... My head is in a perfect whirl. You recollect how exciting the time was last spring when we used to run to the RR to get extra papers. It is about the same now, first we read of the taking of Fort Henry, the property taken there amounted to over one million dollars. Next Burnside takes Roanoke, several Rebel Gun boats and sunk a lot. Then he moved up the Cumberland and today we have a dispatch that Grant has surrounded Fort Donaldson. There are 1,000 Rebel troops in it under command of General Pillow. Two brigades of General Crittenden's are ordered to reinforce Gen. Lew Wallace. Then they are shipping men from all parts up the Tennessee River, two gun boats went as far as Florence in Alabama and cleaned everything out. Next that Buckner's forces are retreating, General Carter has gone to Tennessee and will stop at Knoxville. Last that the Army on the Potomac is on the move along the whole line.

In late March he wrote -

..... Was surprised to know that you had rec'd no letter from me since early Febry. I know that I have written a great many and you may possibly get them yet. I can safely say you would average one every other day if you could get them. There must be something wrong with the mail. We miss all our boys very much and hope that in time we'll again be united under the ever glorious Stars and Stripes. And that Secession with all its aids and abettors, will get all that they richly deserve. I feel a little like Miss Dix. She says she hopes God will have mercy on Rebels but she can't pray for them". We have to suffer a great deal and endure all kinds of hardship but as to the final result I have no doubt. The Ever glorious

Banner will come out of this conflict unsullied. the longer the War continues the worse it will be for the South. In the language of Carson Brownlow - "Secession is played out, the dog is dead, the child is born and his name is Jeff Davis, Jr.,",,,""

Uncle Joe's family consisted of Aunt Lizzie, as we called her, two daughters, Ella and Florence, whom we called Flora. As I was growing up Aunt Lizzie was a great favorite with me. When I was very small I asked mother if I could add Elisabeth to my name. I am no less proud of that name nor have I ever had occasion in all these years to love her or her memory less. It will be Jennie Elisabeth to the end of the chapter. In spite of my early efforts, I have never been called "Elisabeth". Occasionally, perhaps when my husband wished particularly to please me, he called me by my favorite name. My children and one grandson call me "Jennie", when they love me most, they say. On two counts I should have spelled the name "Elisabeth" for when I read the Civil War letters, I discovered that Aunt Lizzie had signed a letter written to father as "Elisabeth", also when I read the letters written by Elisabeth Hubbard Seimer, her signature is "Elisabeth". So I should be "Jennie Elisabeth".

The following is a letter written in 1862 to my father by Aunt Lizzie Grim:

Mr. J. M. Brown

Dear Sir - it is with pleasure that I take my seat at this time to write a few lines to let you know I have not forgotten you. I wrote you some time ago but I have not rec'd an answer. I concluded to write again and see what success I would have. If at first you don't succeed, try again. It is cold and icy, hardly safe for a woman to venture out. I have not seen Mary and Jennie since New Year but I hear they are well and happy. Myself and babies are well. Josiah has been writing and has told you all the news. Times are not very exciting here. This war is a bad thing, make the best of it. Rest assured that you have my prayers and ardent desires for your safe return. Eli said in his letter you are getting up quite a reputation and a good cook and a well drilled soldier. I hope you will be fortunate enough to have your health through the campaign. This is Thursday morning, I got up and fried ham and mush and made breakfast while Josiah sawed wood. I began to wonder where you are. Florence talks about you often and wishes you were home so she could go to your house and play with Jennie.

I hope you will pardon me from trespassing on your time and patience. Excuse all mistakes, I remain your friend until death.

Elizabeth A. Grim

Of mother's four brothers, only Uncle Eli went into the Army. Uncle Joe was a most faithful correspondent but there are letters written by the other brothers-in-law, Uncle Sam and my beloved Uncle Dan. How formal Uncle Sam was in addressing his brother-in-law, in contrast to Uncle Dan's "Dear Brother".

Mr. Joseph Brown

Dear Sir

I received your note from Indianapolis, I have been so busy that I could not get time to answer. You must excuse me and I will try to do better in the future. I have been gone to Hejencia Mills on the Salimony River for the last three weeks and just got home yesterday. Found the folks all well. I am running the saw mill and board with the P. M. Hortons who are well. I will start back tomorrow. I have taken a job of carpenter work, the building is 20 feet x forty, two storey, which I will put up next Spring. If the war should terminate and you come back I will give you a chance, Joseph. I have hired with P. M. Horton till the first of April at \$20.00 per month and board. He has traded for a grist mill and saw mill. It is good property, ten miles from Huntington. I like the looks of the country first rate. The farmers are generally well off, good farms and it looks like living. Last Sunday I crossed the Salimony and went to Joseph Brown's. He is a good honest farmer but no relation of yours. Mary was down and stayed with Rebecca a few days last week. Give my respects to all the boys.

Your brother-in-law

S. M. Grim

It is a bit amusing that Uncle Sam described the country around Hejencia as if it were miles to the west. It must have been less than 25 miles, in fact in the same county. Hejencia was Hejencia, the Salimony was the Salimonie River. Uncle Sam wrote that he was boarding with the Hortons. Carolyn Holmer spent most of her girlhood in Roanoke with her sister, Aunt Susan Cash. She married Frank Horton and eventually moved to Washington

Territory. Everyone in the family and in the several communities in which she lived admired Aunt Carrie very much.

Uncle Dan Grim was always a great tease and full of sly humor. The one letter from him was dated March 15, 1852 -

Mr. J. M. Brown
Dear Brother

It is with pleasure that I sit down to write you a letter. It has been so long a time since we had a letter from any of the boys in camp that we came to the conclusion that you had forgotten us. You would laugh to see the Western mail come in. When Pete says "Yes" they jump about. If he says "No" you hear them go off swearing. Jennie and Mary have been in this week. I suppose for pastime you play sucre but if you want it swatted to you, just give old Bokar a call for he can clean them out. A round seven up and seven down. He doesn't care two figs which. I suppose if father knew, he would give me seven down. Give my best wishes to all. Write soon.

Yours

J. M. Brown, Esquire Daniel D. Grim (Bokar)

The two young daughters in grandfather Peter Grim's home were Ellen and Lenna. One or both could be depended upon to write a postscript to mother's letters. Father wrote to both which probably made these teen-agers very happy. In their notes they told father the family news. Invariably there was a message for "Gust" as the girls usually spoke of him. In one letter Ellen sends a message to A. Wasmuth for Gust was no other than Uncle Gus Wasmuth (Augustus) when he was fourteen he emigrated with an aunt from Oberschwerin,

Germany. He made his way to Stark County, Ohio. Four years later he came to Boone, six years after Peter and Barbara Grim had emigrated from those same Ohio hills. Perhaps he left Germany to avoid conscription but he early enlisted in the Indiana 47th Regiment of Volunteers. The notes, I have, were written in 1862. Five years later Ellen Grim and Augustus Wasmuth were married.

Returning from the war Augustus formed a partnership with W. K. Windle in the hardware business which lasted for 24 years. Mr. Windle married Mary Bash, Uncle Martin and Aunt Katie Bash's daughter. Aunt Mary became my staunch friend, and her daughter Lona, was very close to me in my teens. Later the hardware firm became A. Wasmuth & Sons. The fourteen year old immigrant became one of the most substantial and respected citizens ever to claim Boone as his home.

Augustus and Ellen Wasmuth created a wonderful home. As I recall the incidents of my life, among those which I cherish most, center about this uncle and aunt and their children. In 1910 I wrote a letter from my home in Des Moines, Iowa to the Grim Reunion being held in Boone. In it I tried to pay a tribute to my Aunt Ella, mine especially because I needed her so much. She was mother, sister and friend. In my twenty years in Boone I spent a great deal of time in the homes of my uncles and aunts.

From the time I was fourteen until my marriage I lived with Uncle Dan and Aunt Anna Grim. In my heart there is a great thankfulness that my children were able to spend their early years not too far from these dear folks and could know and love them, too. My heart glows when I think of each and every one in the Grim clan. Each generation has added something very real to the life of the communities in which they have lived. Integrity is a bright and shining symbol of each generation.

In father's letters to Grandmother Grim he sent the deep affection and respect that he had for his mother-in-law;

Camp Wickliffe, Feb 5th, 1862

Dear Mother - It is with much pleasure I acknowledge the receipt of your letter. Nothing would give me more pleasure if the war was over now and I could go to Father's and eat a good meal of victuals. I would know how to eat a good meal for the last one I ate was at y ur house. I think the time is not too far distant when we will all be permitted to go home and enjoy the Society of our dear friends. I can tell you it is no easy matter for one to leave wife, children and friends not knowing but they are parting for the last time. War is an evil to make the most of. If a man is ever tempted to do anything that is not right it is in War. Boys will be tempted to do things here that they would not think of doing at home. Our drill master from the 21st Ohio Regt. swore at the officers when he was drillin last week. It is not allowed in the army for any officer to cuss his men. He stopped and apologized. He said it was no use. A man could not be in the service four months without swearing. He had enlisted four months before and at that time was a Methodist preacher. I believe he was a good man, that his

There is a great deal of work to be done in the
field of research and development. The first step
is to identify the problem and then to develop a
plan of action. The next step is to carry out the
plan and to evaluate the results. The final step
is to report the findings and to make recommendations
for further action. This is a continuous process
and it is important to keep the results of the
research and development work up to date.

The results of the research and development work
are of great importance. They provide the basis
for the design and development of new products
and services. They also provide the basis for the
improvement of existing products and services.

The results of the research and development work
are also of great importance to the economy. They
provide the basis for the growth and development
of the economy. They also provide the basis for
the improvement of the standard of living. The
results of the research and development work are
also of great importance to the environment. They
provide the basis for the protection and
improvement of the environment. They also provide
the basis for the development of new and better
ways of using the resources of the environment.

oath was a slip of the tongue. There are a great many evils that attend a soldier. But when we get home it will be different. As for me, I don't believe that I have said anything that I should be ashamed of if it were known but it is not so with all the soldiers. The temptations are great but I think a man with a good and sound mind can overcome them all. Today is pleasant, nice and warm with a moderate breeze. Glad to get letters from my friends. In my present situation there is not anything that does me so much good. If you could stand off when the mail comes in and see my face, you would have no hesitancy in writing me every day. You cannot write too often and do not feel disappointed if I do not answer every letter for I have a very poor chance to write. No chance at night. We only have one candle, there are too many in the bunch. On Sunday we are just as busy as any other day but I have answered all the letters yet which I have received. I will try my best to do it all the time. Believe me, your friend.

Jos. M. Brown

Barbara Grim

Sometime later she wrote again, perhaps in answer to the above letter -

Roanoke, April 12, 1862

J. M. Brown

Dear and respected friend

It is with pleasure that I try to answer your letter, which ought to have been done long ago but somehow I did not get at it. There are so many at present that we correspond with that it keeps me busy and father won't write at all. We were truly glad to hear from you. We are all in the enjoyment of good health. Indeed Jennie is as hearty a child as can be found and mischievous as can be. I don't want you to be uneasy about Mary or Jennie for they are well taken care of.

Be patient and keep your spirits up for surely this war will soon be over, if we have as many victories as we have had lately. We did not get the particulars of the great battle in Miss., but we do know that our men gained the day. We think that all will come right soon. I can hardly write for Ellen and Lennie are singing. Mary is getting the supper. I wish you were here to eat with us for we have such good fresh bread and elderberry pie, fried potatoes, sweet corn, good butter and some more little notions. Well we have had our supper, how much better it would have tasted if you could have been at the table with us. When you write again let us know what you have to eat. O how I would like to see how it looks where you are. Mary and the girls white-washed the bedroom and kitchen last week. I went to Reubens and got some nice wallpaper and we papered the sitting room. It looks real nice now. Frank Weimer was out to see us last week. He is most awful sociable and full of talk. Ellen says that the scholars think there is nobody like him. He gave us more real satisfaction from old Sugar Creek Township than we had had for a long time. Joe don't let anything discourage you. Don't think you privates get no praise or glory from your officers. Indeed they can hardly speak in high enough words about their soldiers. Tell Wes Dinus I ate dinner with his papa and mother last Sunday. Give my best regards to J. Bash, H. Richards, J. W. Zent. Tell them I often think of them and hope they are good boys. You can all cherish in your hearts that you have those at home that are your sincere friends. I think it would do you good if you could hear the many warm prayers in your behalf. I must close for I have been writing all afternoon. Write as often as you can. We remain your sincere friends

Barbara W. Grim
Peter Grim

Frank Weimer was the oldest of Gabriel and Elisabeth (Betsey) Weimer's children. He taught in what was known as Brush College in Wilmot, Ohio and for a time in the Roanoke Seminary. It has been my good fortune since coming to New York to discover my cousin, Edith Weimer Froy, Uncle Frank's second daughter. Her husband has been a teacher on Long Island for many years. We have visited and reminisced with Edith in her Floral Park home.

Letters from father's family in Ohio give us a wonderful picture of the home that Gabriel and Betsey created. The older children were away and in homes of their own, so it is of the last six children that they write. Most of the letters that father received were from his half sisters and brothers. When his brother, Uriah, was fifteen years old, he wrote to father -

April 16, 1862

Dear Brother - I seat myself to let you know that we are well at the present time. I will try and answer in Frank's place. When that letter came to Frank when it landed here Frank was West so I thought I would answer it as well as I could. At the present time we have got 22 A of oats this Spring, of wheat we have about 3 A and we are going to put 19 A of corn, 3 A rye. We have got 20 A of Timothy Hay to make and from 10 to 12 A of clover to make. There was wane of our nearest nabor's dide with consumption and was buried yesterday.

They all went to the berrien except Solomon and me, we staid to do the work. There saying that there is a good prospect of the war being over in a few months. I think it will be peace again.

It is raining today that we can't work anything. I would like to see you come into our house one of these days. I believe I can beat you playing pig mill. Another day is rolde on our life's journey. I will still remain your brother as long as I live. Last night I went fishing and caught a good many. It is quite showery today. I must tell you what we are doing. Father is sitting out on the portico looking at a raining, he can help yet to do a great many things. Mother has a heap of trouble with rummatia that she can't do anything hardly. Rose is getting dinner. She is 17 years old and she does a great deal of work. I guess I will try and praise up myself a while. First I must tell you how old I am, again the 20th of next month I will be 16 years and my height is 5 feet 4 1/2 in. and way 130 pounes. Just about left alone to do the farming. Next comes Mary Catherine, she is twelve years old, she helps Rose to do the housework. Now comes Solomon's turn, he can do a great many little things in farming. He can harrow and pick stones some. I must tell you something about our horses. We have got old Spot yet, Nell too. I guess we had three horses when you left here. We have got three other horses, ones name is Logan, he is five years old, the other's name is Balas, just broke him to work. Today is Easter, it is midlin cold and chilly. Oliver's company was in that fight at Pitchberg Landing. He got a furlough for 25 days, if he gets well in that time he will have to go back.

The war is getting along fine. We are to give three cheers for the red, white and blue. I hope that we will see the soldiers come home to their natif land. Peter Shisler and his family is well, so is Sybilla and their little girl and so is Balis. As this is the twelfth page I guess I must bring my letter to a close. If I would just have my mind together, I could write a heap more. I hope to see you before long.

From Uriah Weimer
To Joseph Brown

Before the war ended Uriah enlisted. The families he mentions are those of his brothers and sisters. There is a short letter written by Aunt Rose in 1861 when she was sixteen years old -

Dear brother

Since the rest are writing I thought I would scribble a few lines to you. I heard that you had wondered why none of us write. Father is always so careless about writing and so are his children. You must excuse him and if he won't answer them after that we will. We will not let you wait so long as you did this time. I think it is the duty, of everyone who is able, to go. I think you are doing your duty in trying to defend the stars and stripes. Oliver has gone and a great many of our noble youth around here. I must close for the present. Excuse bad writing for I was in a hurry to answer immediately and don't forget your sister

Rose Ann

J. M. Brown

Aunt Rose attended Greensburg Seminary, Greensburg, Ohio. While she was still in school my grandfather received a letter from W. M. Sanford, also a student there. He had visited the Welmer home. He expressed his appreciation for past favors and was "emboldened to ask for more".

The heart to which my affections drift
Among your children pleasantly flow
I ask of you that precious gift
The gift of your daughter Rose

They were married. Later Mr. Sanford entered the ministry. Aunt Rose was an ideal minister's wife and greatly beloved in every community in which she lived. It has been my good fortune to know and see something of their daughter, Laura Sanford Gorsuch. We first met when she was living in

THEORY OF THE EARTH AND ITS HISTORY

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Mount Vernon, New York, and I in neighboring Bronxville.

Sarah Brown, father's only sister, married Peter Whisler, and lived only a stone's throw from the family home. Uncle Peter was truly a wonderful man. His letters are among the most prized in my possession -

November 21, 1861

Dear Brother

From the letter you sent father, Gabriel Weimer, we learned that you had had only one letter from us. This is not our fault as we wrote you after receiving yours and sent you a fools cap sheet well filled. It must have miscarried. We have been looking for a few lines from you ever since we wrote. I am teaching today, the fifteen minutes of recess are up and I must call in the scholars. It is now noon, and I take up my pen again. It seems you have enlisted as a soldier in the service of your country. This was rather unexpected news to us. We had expected to hear that your brother Robert had but never thought of you enlisting. Well we must acknowledge we are sorry to learn that you concluded to go to the battlefield and none more sad than your mother, who now has two sons in the army. We are pained to see so many of our good neighbors' sons taken away as it were for such sacrifices on the altar of their country but we are glad to see so many rally round the stars and stripes and fly to the rescue of our happy land from the hands of the rebels. Were I a single man in this time, you would find me also in the ranks of the army instead of the school house. But to leave my little world of love without a pressing necessity would be the bitterest of all things to me for to confess the truth I have not been away from home one night since I married. So you see I would have to be weaned from home which would be almost as hard as to fight the enemy.

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But to those who have a heart
 From your wife and child to part
 And leave their home like you
 To such our thanks are due.
 Who the fires of ice withstand
 Who leave their homes so dear
 Endure all hunger, cold and fear
 Bare their bosoms to the war
 (The thing I should most abhor)
 To save us from the rebels' rule
 To preserve our home and school
 To such our hearts are warm with thanks
 Who save us from the army ranks
 That we may be at home as ever
 And need not from our wives to sever
 He who is not grateful then
 To our generous young men
 Is a base traitor to the heart
 And should at once depart
 To that rebel South
 Have a shot from our cannons' mouth
 Be buried deep beneath the sod
 While she will rule with an iron hand
 The rebel crew from out the land
 With a strange unfitting hand.

But as I said we were sorry to hear that you had enlisted, one reason I was sorry to learn the fact was that I had not yet become personally acquainted with you. I would have been happier to have got word that you were coming to see us this winter but when you are in the enemy's country, that will cut off all hopes of seeing you until the war is over. Being often sad to think we live so far apart and harboring a hope that we would some day live closer together, but this makes the distance appear to the imagination wide as eternity knowing the fate of all battle fields.

It is not unpleasant to me to see my relatives in the army on account that I do not think it is a just cause worthy of support or it is not our duty to assist in putting down this rebellion, which if it should succeed, would be a withering curse to our nation. Should this noble system of self

government fail with us, its effects would be felt throughout the civilized world for ages to come. Therefore it is the duty of every man if he is able in body to help fight the enemy and is able in the pocket book he should fight with that, by giving aid and comfort to those who are willing to pour out their life's blood in the cause. Yea what is more generous and noble than for a young man to offer his life on the altar of his country where the freedom and happiness of millions of the present and future generations are dependent on the bravery of our young men.

Should this excellent Government fall into rebel hands, who could imagine our fate. No, we will never let our glorious institutions go down. The great tree of liberty which we reared, moistened and nourished by the blood of our forefathers shall be protected and preserved.

Many of our brave brethren have already shed the blood at its roots, though at times its branches may droop, yet it shall be kept growing though rivers of blood shall flow.

The County and Township in which we live have done nobly in furnishing soldiers. A whole company was formed in Milton and vicinity. All the young men in our neighborhood have gone, some of them got married just before they left. One was married the day before he left, in a hollow square formed by the company in the street.

This winter again finds me in the school room. I am teaching near the Sugar Creek Falls, this being the tenth year I have taught. I have been thinking of taking a trip next Spring to the West to see the friends and teach penmanship, but the way matters stand at present in government and money matters it will be doubtful whether I come. This war has a depressing

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Influence on an Education and the sciences generally, except those which pertain to the destruction of human life. School wages are low. I am this winter teaching for \$1.12½ instead of \$1.25 which I have been receiving for several years. Most of the teachers only get one dollar a day and some 90 cents. Times have changed greatly, many who never had the remotest idea of being a soldier are now in the country of hostilities, experiencing and undergoing all the horrors and hardships of a soldier's life which scenes and horrors the pen and the tongue failed to describe.

The peaceful Sabbath of all the villages and towns of our land have been broken by the stirring drums, nothing but drilling for the war. But the scene is now changed. All is quiet now through the country North. Our men are now nearly all in the field. There are now many bleeding limbs there and bleeding hearts at home. Parents fearing and sorrowing for their sons. Many of them have been laid low and many more shall be but all this must be in the making of a great nation. Never before did we fully appreciate a free republic in government and fully love our country. We never value a valuable thing until we lose it or are in danger of losing it. The war has had one good effect on our nation. It will bring about the practice of more economy. There is much less coffee drunk and much less silk worn since the war began. If we succeed and come out victorious it will do our country more good than ten years of prosperity. We will know how to protect and sustain ourselves. Our people will then know their true condition and power. Man is a creature of hope. Everyone that goes to the battle field has a hope in his bosom that he will be spared and return. Were it not so many would not go. I hope that all with whom I am acquainted will return, especially my relatives but I would rather brother Joe had not enlisted.

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Sarah requests me to tell you to write as soon as this comes to hand, so we will know when you received it, so fare you well.

Your affectionate brother and sister

P. and S. Shisler

P. S. Mother requests me to tell you to write often and we will do the same as you go to the field where death reigns that you put your trust in Him whom our great Washington relied on for succor and support in the hour of peril, so, that if you fall it may be in the arms of Him who can save beyond the grave.

In other letters Uncle Peter tells of the evening writing classes which he conducted in addition to his day time teaching which meant he had very little leisure time. Even as today he was supplementing his meagre teacher's salary by teaching penmanship. It has somewhat the flavor of adult education classes of our day. He and grandfather Gabriel delighted tracing in a large geography the towns where the soldier relatives visited in the line of duty. They were avid readers of newspapers, Uncle Peter reading as many as four or five on Sunday.

Uncle Peter's small piece of land sustained his family with its young orchards, planted berries, wheat and produce. He was able to sell the extra he raised. Stock of all sorts was low. Taxes were very heavy, store goods extremely high so times were rather hard on the farmers.

He wrote "but we at home must bear it all patiently. Our burden compared with the soldiers is but light and we should be glad that we are able to do something towards crushing this rebellion and assist in freedom's cause!" In later years his green thumb paid off well, he and his sons owned and operated a large greenhouse on his property, which if I remember correctly, the chief output was tomatoes and celery.

It was a great satisfaction to me that my three children could know this aunt and uncle and visit them about the turn of the century. They lived to celebrate their Golden Wedding. Writing about those fifty years Uncle Peter reminisced "it might be proper after fifty years of married life to give my experience and it is this that married life is the true and proper life to live for real solid comfort, contentment and happiness. My life has so far been one continual round of enjoyment and pleasure. And I owe it all to having a partner for life, a faithful wife. I have not accumulated much of this world's goods but have always had enough for comfort. If I had possessed millions, I could not have enjoyed more. My wealth lies in the possession of a good wife, children and grandchildren, compared with this the wealth of Rockefeller would be nothing."

Grandfather Gabriel Weimer wrote the letters for grandmother Betsy. In a postscript to a letter written

by his son, Uriah, in August 1862, he adds "

P. S. As Uriah has been trying to write to you I thought I would scribble a few lines to tell you that mother and I are still in the land of the living, though time has made its inroads in a striking and visible way. Still we feel thankful for the degree of health we have enjoyed. Our harvests have been tedious and heavy but few to take it off. Prospect of a speedy peace is not so flattering at present as we would wish it to be. We hope that when the new line is completed that the war will speedily end and so may it be.

We received a letter from O. Welmer (his son) they are at Battle Creek and have had hard times living on half rations for three weeks. Oliver says they have a new set of silver instruments which cost a thousand dollars.

The regiments made up the money and paid for them. We are all well and so are all the friends as far as I know. Hoping that when this comes to hand it may find you enjoying the same blessings. Grandmother Humboldt wishes us to send her best respects to you. Mother and I and the family do the same.

Affectionately your Father and Mother

G. WEIMER
ELIZABETH WEIMER

A peculiarity of grandfather's signature was that he signed his name in capitals without lifting his pen from the paper. At first glance it seems a trifle hard to decipher but at a second glance every letter becomes perfectly legible and easy to read. It would have been difficult to forge his signature.

Uncle Oliver Holmer played the flute in his regiment's band. In private life he conducted singing schools and played a melodeon which he carried with him to the music classes. These group singing classes proved to be social gatherings for the widely scattered communities.

Let us follow some of the events and happenings of the war as they unfold in the letters written by my parents during the last year of their separation -

Camp Wickliffe
February 9, 1862

Dear Mary

Today is Sunday and all this morning we have been busy getting ready for inspection. We must put on clean clothes every Sunday, have our ears, neck and hands washed, our boots blacked and everything packed in our knapsacks in neatness and order which is a very good arrangement. As far as cleanliness is concerned our regiment stand first in the Division and our Company in the Regiment. General Nelson said this morning that we were a solid looking set of men and that we could whip our weight in wild cats.

Yesterday we had marching orders. We had two days rations prepared in our haversacks. We went to be with orders to be up at four and have everything in readiness to start at seven but we had just gotten to sleep when our orderly came to tell us that the order was countermanded and we could sleep till six. What caused the halt is more than I can say, unless it was the taking of Fort Henry, which is a death blow to secession and cheering news to all loyal people. You should have heard Slack's speech on that occasion. He said it was nothing to what it would be when the 47th got at them. We gave three cheers as only Hoosiers know how to give. The boys are all in good cheer today.

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There is Sunday School in Bunk No. 4 in every Company today. They take it turn about. I am writing this letter. I prefer talking to you. I do not want you and Jennie to suffer for any thing. I think it will not be long until I can get my money then you can settle up. Take good care of Jennie. I guess she will not know me when I get home.
I remain

Yours truly
J M Brown

Mary Brown

P.S. Give my best respects to all, and tell them, Father and Mother, to write often. A letter from home makes me feel as good as \$50.00 if I were home.

February 21, 1862
Steam Boat Lady on The
Ohio River bound for Paducah

Dear Mary -

We have been riding up and down the Ohio River ever since Monday. We left Camp Wickliffe on the 14 inst. for West Point on, but we knew not where we were going at the time. Then when we got to West Point we were ordered to the mouth of the Cumberland River. That is about 60 miles from Cairo. When we got there we were ordered back again, we started back again and got within 16 hours sail of West Point.

We were ordered down the river to Paducah to await further orders. I think in the end we will go to Nashville, Tennessee. The Rebels calculate to make a last Stand there. It has been now about 3 weeks since I got a letter from you. I should like very much to hear from any of you, but it is hard telling when I will hear. For when we will leave Paducah is hard to tell. Direct the letters as you always have and I will get them some time. I do not get any news but flying reports and if they are reliable Uncle Sam is playing smash with the rebels. You have a chance of knowing more than I do. Are they doing anything in Virginia? General Nelson's division are all on the river. We fill 20 steamboats.

Jos. M. Brown

Mary Brown

February 26, 1862

Dear Mary -

It is with pleasure that I attempt to write you a letter. We are now camped at Benton, the county seat of Scott County, Missouri. You will find it on the map. It lies on the Mississippi in the Eastern part of the State. We are here for the calculation to keep Jeff Thomson from reinforcing the rebels at Columbus. We are designed in the right way of the Great Army that calculates to take Columbus. If there is any fighting at Columbus, the 47th will be one of the regiments. We landed at Commerce, it has been stripped by the rebels, the houses are nearly all empty. The citizens crossed the river and went to Illinois. On the 28th of January Jeff Thomson came in to town and took whatever they could make use of. They cut the Liberty pole down and Jeff took the flag, the Stars and Stripes, tied it to his horse's tail and rode all over the town. If we ever get hold of him it will be the last trick of the kind he will ever do. We heard yesterday that General Buell has marched his forces into Nashville town and that the rebels had surrendered Columbus, Kentucky to Commodore Foote. If this is so the 47th will never smell gun powder. We are anxiously waiting for General McClellan to do something on the Potomac. I think when he marches his men on Manassas and Richmond, it will wind up the rebellion. It has been four weeks since I had a letter. When we were ordered to leave the mail was ordered to Mansfordville and that was the last of it. I sent to you from Cairo by express twenty-five dollars. Use the best you can with it. Only got paid up to the first of January, there is pretty near two months wages due us. No more now but hoping you and Jennie and all the rest of the friends enjoy good health, and that I may be home again. I remain yours as ever

Jos. M. Brown

Mary Brown

Camp New Madrid
March 11, 1862

Dear Mary -

I received your letter yesterday. I was awful glad to hear from you. We are about 40 miles south of Benton where we last camped. We were very close to the rebels. Our pickets and theirs can see each other. Last week while our company was out on picket, the rebels shelled a house that we had for our observatory. We expect a battle here this week. It is the opinion of our commanders that we can take the town in about three hours with a very small loss of life. We would have taken it before this time but the rebels have longer guns than we have. We have some coming which will answer admirably. There are about 25,000 soldiers at this place and still they come. We heard that Manassas was taken. Some of the boys do not believe it, but I am rather inclined to believe it. Let me know whether you get any money from the commissioner in Huntington. The box sent to New Haven to John Bash was opened and the contents made use of. We would like to know the value of it as our Colonel says that he will collect it for the boys as soon as this battle is over. Write often. Be good to Jennie. Kiss her for me. No more but yours as ever,

Jose. M. Brown

Mary Brown.

Camp at Madrid
March 16, 1862

Dear Mary - Although it is not a week since I wrote neither have I received a letter from you since I wrote but notwithstanding I promised to write as soon as the fight was over.

Well it is over and New Madrid is ours. It began on last Thursday and continued all day with a small loss on our side and quite a loss on the

Rebels side. The 47th Regiment and the 34th were ordered to go down and support our batteries the next morning. We went down and to our surprise we saw a white flag over the rebel fortifications and to our surprise saw the fort was deserted with the exception of about three living men. They fled in perfect panic, leaving hot coffee, warm biscuits, fried potatoes smoking hot on the table. Our boys pitched in and helped themselves to what they liked best. We are all safe and sound and the fort is ours. The Forty Seventh had the honor of planting one of our cannons in the fort first and raising the Stars and Stripes on the rebel fortification. Where we will go next is not known, but it is evident that we will not remain here long. Halleck is not one to remain idle long. When we buried one of the rebels our chaplain in reading dwelt very strong on the passage that the wicked fleeeth and no man pursueth. I thought it was very appropriate. This is tolerable nice country here, good for corn, but it is being made desolate. Here is the first time since I left home that I have eaten fresh pork. We pressed a hog but we are forbidden anymore. I remain yours as ever,

J. W. Brown

An number of letters were written from the camp at Riddles Lower Landing which was twelve miles below New Madrid. In his April second letter, father wrote that they were able to get a number of the daily papers, the "Chicago Tribune", the "Missouri Democrat" and the Cincinnati papers. They were able to read them two days after they were printed and the chaplain was able to provide the papers. Quoting father - "he, the chaplain, is a number one man, more sense about him than any Presbyterian preacher

I ever saw". A week later Island No. 10 was taken with about 2,000 prisoners, 147 cannon, with any amount of small arms, ammunition and commissary stores. A special messenger brought the news that Corinth had been taken with 1700 prisoners. They said that if the South had lost this battle, that they would give it up as a bad job. Evidently they changed their mind.

Father had made quite a reputation as a cook. When he might have been discharged in the Spring of 1862 because of ill health the doctors asked him to stay on as cook. If it proved to be too much for him he would be discharged. Meanwhile he was not to carry a knapsack, drill, or be on guard duty, he was to ride when the regiment was on the march.

On April 6 Father wrote to mother expressing great discouragement, he could vision the war lasting through his generation. He advanced the theory that if the Southern States had been allowed to secede and "stay seceded to their hearts content" they would have tired of secession and "they would come back in Uncle Sam's arms without blood shed". Nine days later mother was answering that letter which had surprised her very much. She wrote - "do you think that if we had quietly let the South secede that they would have been satisfied with that, nay verily, their next move would have been to take Washington City. They would

have taken us for rewards as they have chosen to call us
 time and again on the floor of the Congress. I think
 they would have thought about right. They would not have
 been satisfied until they reigned and ruled on every foot
 of the Continent. I, for one, love our free institutions
 too well to give them up. You said also that war would
 likely last your generation out. We are all aware that
 there are a great many traitors in the North who are pre-
 tending to be friends of the enemy thereby doing greater
 injury than if they would come out and show their true
 colors. They are among our newspaper correspondents, our
 officers and soldiers, trying to discourage our men when
 ever they can get the opportunity. I have no doubt
 there are such men in the national capitol trying to in-
 fluence the President and Congress. I know there is a
 God who ruleth over all and He will be with the right
 and whenever we gain a battle we ought to thank Him instead
 of men for He has the power to do all things. He inspires
 our men with courage and endurance without which we would
 not gain any battles. If God is with us who can be against
 us. I think sometimes this war is brought on us for our
 wickedness for we have a great many sins to answer for as
 well as the South. I think it would be well for us all
 if we bear in mind that we have a great many blessings
 and how seldom we think of the author. Now do try and look
 on the bright side. You are a great deal better off than
 a great many soldiers who have left their homes to fight

for their country. Some have lost children, some a wife and children and a great many their lives. You are still in possession of all yet and if you love your life or ours you still have much to be thankful for, I am at least. I still hope that the time will not be too far distant when we shall see each other again. I know that you have a great many hardships to pass through but try and cheer up for the sake of our little daughter who so often speaks of her papa".

Tiptonville, Tenn. April 30

Dear Wife -

I received yours of the 22nd last night and was truly glad to hear from you. I got some papers you sent from Roanoke but it does not pay to send them. I got the "Chicago Tribune" last night of the 28th inst. There is quite an excitement here on account of the glorious news. We have got possession of New Orleans, and the news here is that Halleck is after Beauregard cutting his forces all to pieces. Our army is steadily advancing in Virginia under McClellan, Banks and Fremont. We have got possession of Fort Pulaski at the mouth of the Savannah River which leads right in to the heart of Georgia and in less than two weeks we will have possession of Savannah, the capital. Florida is ours. The Governor of North Carolina has made proposals to Burnside to surrender the State to the Union. Men in different parts of the States have raised the Stars and Stripes. Arkansas is ours and the rebels in Missouri are becoming loyal. Price's men are returning home daily. I believe a majority of the citizens will support Lincoln in his Emancipation Message. General Mitchell has cut off communication between Davis and Beauregard by railroad and telegraph. Taking

all this into consideration, it looks as if the war was about over but it will in all probability last for some time yet. I will be pretty well satisfied if we do not go any further South. I sent you twenty dollars by express ten days ago, will send you twenty five more soon. I understand that the Huntington County commissioners have made another donation to the wives and children of Men in the Service. How much it is I cannot tell. You had better get it before I get home or probably we cannot get it. I am afraid that when I get home that men who want work done will have somebody to do it for them and I will have no employment. Still I will in a manner be satisfied if Congress passes an Emancipation Bill, they did a good thing in redding the District of Columbia of slaves. I am a radical abolitionist, you see. Well I can't help it. I have seen the effects of slavery. I must close. Write often. I do not get all you write nor do you get all I write. I write two each week, do you get them.

I remain, your absent husband,

Jos. M. Brown

Mary Brown

In many letters father expressed himself regarding his views on slavery. I have only a part of a letter written to grandfather Peter Grim in which he wrote - "I think property in Human Beings has almost swum ashore. I can say for a fact that I have seen Negroes with just as intelligent looking faces and Physiognomy as any white man I ever saw. All that is wanting is Education which is hard for a white man to get in a country addicted to one of the worst crimes

that any human being or beings can be guilty of".

In a letter written late in April mother speaks of Uncle Eli returning on furlough and how excited the family was to see him and get all the news of the 47th. "I got those few lines you sent with him and those ear bobs. They are very nice. Although I do not expect to wear them as I am getting too old to begin now but I intend keeping them as a keepsake". In a postscript she writes that she had just read in the "Herald" that Governor Merton has sent a complete outfit to all the regiments left on the Mississippi River. She speaks of Rebecca Grim's garden and adds - "it makes me wish very much that we had a nice home too. I think that if you got that hundred dollars bounty you can buy a lot and build a little house. I could live in one ever so small and be content if it was my own."

On June 10th father wrote from Tiptonville that marching orders had come and many were waiting for the boats. They were to proceed to Memphis where Colonel Slack was to take command of several regiments who were to keep the railroad in repair from Memphis to Corinth and guard the city. By the 14th they were established in the camp situated about three miles from the river in the outskirts of the city. Life in this camp promised to

be more strenuous than in Tiptonville for the men would be doing guard duty every other day and all on the alternating day would be assigned some other duty. The 47th remained in Memphis until some time late in July. Of Memphis father wrote - "everything has assumed a business like appearance since Uncle Sam has possession. Everything heretofore being dead. Now everything is recovering again. Stores are being opened in all parts of the city which has been disfigured some since the rebellion. The tin on the roofs has been torn off to make canteens and cartridge boxes for the Secesh soldiers. For a while the Roanoke boys guarded the Navy Yard and had more comfortable quarters. Two nice rooms with two writing desks and plenty of cupboards. It seems more like living now. In June the corn was coming out in tassel, crop of new potatoes was abundant, all kinds of vegetables were plentiful as well as apples and peaches. Rumors were rife in camp that Richmond had fallen only to prove false. Joseph M. Brown would have been willing to bet his Bounty money that the rebels would skedaddle from Richmond and take everything with them as they did in Corinth". Everyone seemed to be pinning their faith on General McClellan. "We place very much confidence in McClellan and his men and believe they will fight till the last man falls before they will give up. They look at the many laurels won by the Western

troops. If they do not take Richmond they will die trying."

Whenever mother had time she earned money by sewing or quilting. Father worried continually about his inability to care adequately for his family. From Richmond he wrote - "Do I not send money enough for your expenses? I do not like to have you work for others. Before you shall do that I will take French leave of absence. There will be on the first of July 4 months wages due us. We expect to be paid off about that time and if I can get a furlough then I will come home. \$13.00 is not sufficient."

In several other mid-summer letters he mentions, French leave, evidently this worried mother for in July she wrote - "I would rather you would stay your time out than that you should come home on French furlough. We would hardly be glad to have you come home this way". Father replied - "you say you would not like to see me, if I should come home on French furlough. I know one thing I should be glad to see you and Jennie. I think I would enjoy it even if I was not welcome". Later Uncle Eli wrote mother evidently in reply to a letter from her in which she expressed her concern about the French leave idea - "Ever since I came back to the regiment Joe has been in good spirits and about his taking leave, that is all a humbug, he is the last man to leave that way".

About this time mother suggested that father put in an extra half sheet especially for her if he had any complaints to make and put an "X" on the southeast corner of the envelope. She shared all her letter with her parents. She admonished father "to write a good letter for Father and Mother to read. Then she speaks her mind - "Before I would submit to be ruled by this so-called Confederacy I would be willing to take up arms in defense of my country. By the way I think it is hardly fair that we cannot have the same privilege that the men have. We know that there are some men in the service of the Government who care more for speculating than their family and others who are ambitious. But notwithstanding there are hundred and thousands, and I may say millions of the noblest and best men our country can afford in the service, who are willing, if need be, to risk their lives for their country. Every man's life is dear to him. I do not blame the Generals very much if they wait till they get a good and ready and are pretty sure of success.

The 47th had a most loyal member in my father. He was always singing its praises. While at Helena, Colonel Slack had returned with new recruits. Father hoped there would be Roanoke boys among them but he was disappointed. He wrote - "If any of them want to enlist, they had better come in the 47th regiment, for I do think it is the best

regiment I ever saw. The men about all were good moral men when they enlisted and quite a number professors of religion. Of course quite a number had departed from their morality and some of the religious from their good old ways. When the War is over, they will fall back in the old tracks again. Still I want you to understand that there is still more morality and good principles shown in our regiment than any other regiment. I suppose they were organized with as much morality as our reg't. was, they certainly have not as much at present."

The 47th was transferred to Helena, Arkansas, probably in late July. While there according to father - "the regiment had 800 colored gentlemen working in the Fort who seemed to enjoy themselves very much, they got their whisky twice a day". He went on to say that because of so much sickness in camp that the officers would get whisky for the camp soldiers who were given a jigger each morning - "We have to drink it, there is no getting out of it". Father made the mistake of drinking the first jigger on an empty stomach with dire results. He was fearful that this would reach mother's ears. He repeated that it was because he was not exactly well and on extra duty that he had taken a little for his stomach's sake.

Although I do not have the letter which I am sure he expected by return mail after his confession of the jigger episode, I do have his reply -

Helena, September 24, 1862

Dear Beloved Wife - I read your temperance letter. It was a good one too, but I have to tell you that we got no more whisky to drink. Our officers thought the whisky would be good for all of us, as two-thirds of the men were sick. They tried it for some 8 or 9 days with poor results and they quit. I would draw mine and put it on a tin plate and burn it, the same as you would do for a cold. I sweetened it and I think it did some good. I was a little tight that mornin'. I have not been since and do not expect to be. Not till the war is over and then I will go on a spree, but I will wait until I get home so you can have a hand in it. There is more than one way of taking a spree".

In the letters I sent with Leslie Payton, I said you should send me a pair of boots and some other things. From the information I got from your last letter you are short of funds. I don't want you to rob yourself of money. You can probably get the boots from Cash & Crim on trust until next pay day. There is two months' pay due us now. The first of November there will be four months due. We look for the pay master every day. As soon as we get paid, J. W. Zent and I are coming home. If we are not home inside of three weeks, we will not be home for about seven weeks. If you could only imagine how much I want to go home. I cannot hold out much longer. I am not able for duty and I don't believe I ever will be. I am constitutionally broken down. If I could get discharged and go home where I will not have to be out in all kinds of weather and night air, where I could get good water and wholesome diet I might possibly get well. I feel very discouraged in many respects. I cannot refrain from shedding tears, when I think how we are at present situated. You know when I enlisted we all had an idea that the war would end in six months. We were promised a 40 days' furlough in a year. There is small prospects of getting that now. Must close, with much respect for your health and welfare, I remain,

Your husband as ever

Jos. W. Brown

Mary Brown

Helena, October 1st 1892

Dear Mary - I will try to write you a few lines. I am not well yet. They are sending all the sick up the river. There are so many of them it is awful hard to get transportation for them. Some of the 47th have already gone. The balance of us were going yesterday. I got on the boat with the rest of them. After we got on there were so many men crowded on that it was quite unhealthy. Six died in two hours. Dr. Pickens, our regimental surgeon (also post surgeon) came and ordered all the 47th off. He said when they went he wanted them to go like men and not like cattle. I think it was the best thing that could have happened, as the boat we were going on was old and looked as if it might fall to pieces any moment and was awfully crowded. There was not room for us to lie down. I will not get away now until next Monday and probably not then. I understand it is the calculation to send us all home. How true this is I am not able to say. I hope it is the case however. If I can get home again I can get discharged. I should have been long ago for it is impossible for me to march. Do not send the boots and all I wrote for at present. Wesley Payton will not get here in time. I think from present indications that the regiment will leave here long before he gets here. I do not recollect subscribing to that church at Lafayette. You know my hand writing, if it is mine, pay it. I remain yours as ever,

J. M. Brown

Mary Brown

The letters indicate that father stayed at Helena through October and November. In an October 27th letter he describes the situation as almost identical to that described in the letter of the first -

"I did not go to Saint Louis. I was on the boat at one time to go. We were crowded in like a lot of hogs and they were dying at the rate of one every ten minutes. Our regimental surgeon again ordered us off the boat. He said we should wait a week or ten days and go on the regular Hospital boat. Before the boat came our Payrolls arrived which I signed. When the boat came, I had signed the payroll and not rec'd. my pay yet, so I concluded I would wait still longer to get my pay. Ever since I have been improving in health". At this time he received two months pay and wrote that he was trying to make a little more above his wages. He and A. Wasmuth bought two barrels of apples and immediately baked 36 pies and also sold some of the apples. They paid ten dollars for the apples. From this one day of baking the partners figured they could double their money and make more in a day than Uncle Sam paid them. At this moment he was feeling better and his spirits rose.

Dysentary had become a camp scourge. I find on one of the letters a postscript from mother giving a recipe for a cure. It was taken from the "Religious Telescope", United Brethern Church paper. "Take two spoonful of butter and brown in a pan, add two spoon ful of flour, one-fourth of a nutmeg grated, the same amount of spices, two spoons-

ful of brandy (good whisky will do), one pint of water and the half of the inner coating of a chicken gizzard well pulverized. This last is essential. The whole will make a pleasant drink and has been known to give immediate relief, and effect a permanent cure for the soldiers."

I hope that when father wrote, that the ailment had abated, it was due to the post surgeon's prescription and not to this concoction.

In his November 10th letter he chided mother about a short letter she had written. Evidently Lenna had written a full page, mother had added a half sheet - "your last letter is short, it was hardly worth your while to write at all. If I came home and did not talk more to you than you could write on a page you would think you were slighted very much. It doesn't pay a person to sit down and write a page, especially a letter of friendship. Indeed writing to me is nothing more than talking to me at a distance and the more of it the better. I like it for my part. Besides it improves you in the art of penmanship and in many other respects. I was almost offended by your last letter. Lenna in some respects apologized for the shortness of yours. That envelope would have held two sheets as well as a sheet and a half. I had not received a letter from anyone for almost two weeks when I received yours and Lenna's. I do not want to wound your feelings. I just wanted you to know how

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it made me feel. I hope when you get this letter you will sit down and write me a long letter even if it takes you two or three days to do it". That father deeply cherished all the letters he received is proved by his keeping these letters, long and short, and that they are in my possession.

Probably about the first of December, the 47th regiment was sent to Camp Wickliffe where it had spent many weeks earlier in the year. The last letter I have from father was written on December 11, 1862 -

Dear Companion - I am well at present and try to enjoy myself as circumstances permit. You and Ellen would play smash volunteering as hospital nurses. You would be exposed to all kinds of diseases, smallpox included. No must be vaccinated for smallpox is all around us. You would not be permitted to come within our lines. You would have to stop in Louisville or Cincinnati. The sick would be brought to you. You would rue it before you had been there two hours. Capt. R. C. Morrison was here about all day. He had a fine time. He says he wishes that he and his company were in the 47th regiment. He says it is the best regiment in the U. S. Bob is a Number 1 captain. His boys all like him first class. When we will leave here is more than I can tell. May not go further South. We all got the Enfield rifles. Our Brigadier General took the rifles from the 26th and gave them to us. He gave them our old shot guns. Our regiment has the second position in the Brigade and we are on the left flank. The 47th is hard to beat. They tell us that the Enfield will shoot a half mile and the Ball will go through seven men. They are mighty nice guns. The boys are all giving their guns names, generally after their Sweetheart. Now I want a name for my rifle. I will write more tomorrow.

J. M. Brown

Sometime that week father returned to Roanoke for on the 18th, grandfather, Gabriel Weimer, wrote the following letter

Milton Stark County
December 18, 1862

Dear Children -

I herewith acknowledge the receipt of yours written at Roanoke, perused its contents and glad to hear you were home again with your family. I fondly hope you may speedily be restored to health again and be enabled to pay us a visit with your family. It is so heart cheering to friends to visit with one another. The children are all gone to school and have left mother and me to keep house by ourselves. There is about three inches of snow on the ground. The Sun shining but the winds blow cold so we can enjoy the warm stove content. If you calculate to pay us a visit let us know when you will be at Mansfield and we will fetch you. According to advices now I think the army is in such a position now that ere long there will be something definitely done. I feel in tolerable good spirits now that ere a twelve months the rebellion will be put down (so may it be). We enjoy good health for which we are thankful. We have nothing more interesting to write about so will close by

Subscribing ourselves
Your affectionate parents
G.W. WEIMER
ELIZABETH WEIMER

On February 5th C. C. Failer wrote father from Helena, Arkansas. He tells of a twelve day scouting trip which the 47th had taken up the White River.

When they returned to their old quarters they found it occupied by the 38th Iowa Reg't. "Well do I recall the times we were together since the 47th was first got up. Now it is the fifth of February 1862 and the war is no nearer over than it was on the fourth of October 1861. But I came into the Service to see the end of this rebellion, if I keep well or don't get killed. The glorious old flag that floated in '76 shall float in 63, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 70. Also I hope you may get well to see the 47th all come home. This day puts me in mind of old Camp Wickliffe, the ground is white with snow. The boys are all sitting in their tents. We have a cooking stove in our tent. We bought it at the Fort, also a sheet iron stove and cooking utensils. Joseph remember Company E in all their undertakings and pray that peace may be restored in our land again. I send my best love to you and all the friends".

Father went to visit his mother and family in Ohio, arriving there on the twelfth of February. Very soon after his arrival he was taken very ill and lived only a few days. He could have lived only a short time whether in the Army or at home. He was buried in Milton, Ohio, In a beautifully

written letter to my mother, Uncle Peter Whisler tells her of those last days and how much his coming meant to his mother. "He bore his suffering with the courage and fortitude of a soldier, never murmuring, never complaining. My acquaintance with him was short but I never saw a man I loved more."

the door opened and a terrible face appeared. It was supposed to be Kris Kringle, the Santa Claus of that day. I was frightened beyond all soothing. I gave a terrified shriek and through myself face down. It was my beloved Uncle Dan. He took me in his arms. But he could not make me believe it was he who had been at the door.

Not many months after father's death, Abraham Lincoln appointed mother Post-mistress. At that time we were living in the Seminary Boarding Hall. Today in my living room hangs a wall bracket made from the stair treads of that early home. One day mother asked me to stay with a neighbor while she went on an important errand. I was frightened but after much persuasion and a gift of a small decorated saucer filled with hazel nuts I was willing to stay. Much later I realized this important errand was to make application for postmistress.

The day my mother took office was one of thrilling interest to me as well as one of fear, for someone no doubt my teasing Uncle Dan said - "Jennie you should be careful if you go in there, the post office inspectors might find you." The first day I timidly slipped behind the counter and sat on the floor, fearful that if I moved, the papers would rattle and the inspectors discover me. Mother and I lived on the second floor of the post office building on Commercial Street. We were together day and

night. Time and familiarity drove away my fear. This appointment meant everything to Mary Brown and her wee Jennie, for her pension was very small. I remember an incident of those lean days. My only Christmas gift was lumps of brown and white sugar. My mother carefully explained that it was impossible for her to give me what she would have liked, because she had no money. It was such a beautiful talk that although I was a small child, it filled my heart with a great love and reverence. Its sweetness still fills my heart when I think of that far-away time.

As I grew older I must have been of some help to mother as she worked behind the rows and rows of mail boxes. I would climb on a stool, from there to a table, and then to a counter. Those who could pay had numbered boxes with a glass window so they could see both their mail and me.

A tap on the window and they were given their mail. There were other lettered boxes which held the mail, without cost, of folks from the surrounding countryside. Many years after I had left Roanoke, I returned for a visit. A man there told me that when he was very young he had a thrilling moment and had always remembered it. He had asked for the family mail and I handed him a paper with his own name on it. It was his first piece of mail. In addition to handing out mail, I was sometimes allowed to

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help stamp mail, with a hand stamp.

The post office was between two store building, in which several of my uncles had places of business. In 1940 my cousin, Evelyn Hackett, sent me a stereoptican picture of this section of Commercial Street. My son, Allen, painted an enlargement of it. In the rear of the buildings, one had a glimpse of the Canal, at the end of the street was a building used by the Woolen Mills.

It was owned by Stephen and T. V. Horton, and used as a retail store for their products. In front of the Mill retail store, drug and clothing stores, was built a large wooden platform. There the leading men of the village gathered to discuss war, politics, other subjects and events. Captain Jehu Swaidner (of father's regiment), Uncle Joe Grim and Squire Thomas Hackett, were among those who participated in the village forum.

Since all mail had to be called for, the post office was also a meeting place, one grew to know each inhabitant of the village and country side. Everyone knew Mary Brown and her one little chick. It was a great place to learn of human nature. In the post office was a small book store owned by Philip Bashalere. He sold also papers, candy, nuts and knick-knacks. I learned to read at an early age, devoured everything, often to my mother's discomfort. I loved the "New York Ledger" especially

Mrs. Southworth's continued stories; the "Saturday Evening Post; the Rural New Yorker"; "Peterson's Magazine" and the "Godey's Lady Book". In each issue of Peterson's Magazine was one page in color. I remember one very distinctly. It was a picture of a half grown boy carrying a baby crying under one arm, while he went on heedlessly eating an apple, with the title "A Hungry Stomach has no Ears." I do not know why this picture stayed in my mind. Perhaps it was its colors.

Hanging in my living room is a steel engraving titled "Fannie's First Flirtation". In each issue of "Godey's Lady Book" was a steel engraving. This one I have kept all these years. It is a picture of a little girl dressed in a white muslin embroidered dress with bands of broad ribbons over each shoulder ending in a huge bow. She is standing on a chair looking over the upholstered back. Looking up at her is a small lad, holding a rose behind his back. He is dressed in velvet knickers and an Eton jacket.

Many farmers gave mother their subscriptions for the "Rural New Yorker". It was very popular at that time. As a reward for the number of subscriptions mother received triple plated Reed & Barton flat silver. I still

have many forks and a filigree silver cake basket which has a ruby glass bowl. The "Rural New Yorker" in 1870 had sixteen pages, the yearly subscription cost was \$3.00. Articles on Farm Economy, Poultry, the grape trade, the gardener, were some of the subjects covered in these sixteen pages.

The first school established in 1850 in the Township was conducted in the Methodist Wesley Chapel, two miles north of Roanoke. The church built the first school house. In the war letters, there is frequent mention made that members of my grandfather's household were attending church services or entertainments at Wesley Chapel. When I was old enough to attend school, I went to the public school at the top of Main Street. I remember little of my school days there, but my cousin, Evelyn, remembers when I took her to a Friday afternoon program and one of the pupils recited -

"First the cucumber and the pickles
Jennie Brown and Charlie Nichols"

About the time I started to school I went with my mother to call on a newcomer, Mrs. Duck. To my delight she had a small daughter about my age. Millie had a small iron stove with lids, a kettle and skillet. We set it up on the lawn, gathered sticks and built a fire under it. I had never seen a little stove and the afternoon was one of pure delight. The Duck family

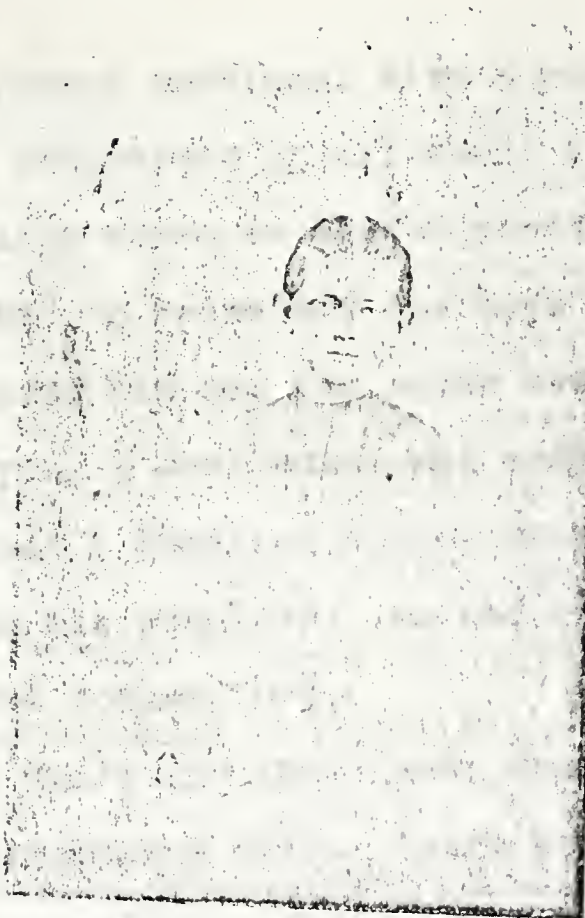
lived in Roanoke only a short time for I have no other childhood memory of Millie. But through the years I often thought of her and that little iron stove. When my daughter was six years old, she found an iron stove under the Christmas tree.

Many years later I came from my home in Des Moines, Iowa to visit relatives and friends in Huntington County. While there, I visited in Wabash. My hostess, the mother of my daughter-in-law, Atha, had friends for tea. Talking with Mrs. William Yarnelle, she mentioned she had at one time lived in Roanoke. I said - "I must have known you, I was born there and lived there until I was twenty". I asked her what her maiden name had been, she replied - "Duck" - I exclaimed - "Can you be my long lost Millie with the little iron stove". She invited me to meet the "Semper Idem" club of which she and my hostess were members. When we arrived, we found the little stove on display. We were served small cakes which could have been baked in its oven. Mrs. Yarnelle showed us painting by the artist, William Rockwell. He lived in Roanoke when I was a small child. One was a portrait of Millie at about the time I first knew her. In the war letters, mother often mentioned Mrs. Rockwell for whom she occasionally sewed. All this brought to mind a visit mother and I made to Mr. Rockwell's studio, which was the entire second floor of his home. All sides of the room had

windows. Mother wore a greenish blue striped dress of soft thin material. It was gathered full at the waist over a hoop skirt which on this particular visit proved to be my salvation. Mr. Rockwell was noted for his many paintings of Indians. On the studio walls were Indians whose eyes followed me everywhere I turned. So I wrapped myself in the full skirt, feeling safe, I peered out once in a while.

Mr. Rockwell painted a portrait of grandfather, Peter Grim, from a daguerotype. The original is in the possession of my cousin, Evelyn Hackett. Through the years since I have known of Mr. Norman Rockwell, I have wondered if the Mr. Rockwell of my childhood memories was one of his forebears. Very recently I learned that he was an uncle. For years I have toyed with the idea of writing to Norman Rockwell, perhaps some day I shall ask him to verify this.

There are many memories of villagers who were our neighbors. One of the quaint characters that small villages have, was called "Coonskin Schneider". He was an old timer, the only hunter and trapper still following what had been a lucrative business when Indiana was first settled. His queer remarks, looks, strange brogue, his hat made out of the tail and fur of a coon, made him look the strange character he was. He said that if he had a thousand dollars he could marry Mary Brown



JENNIE E. BROWN

About 8 years



JENNIE E. BROWN

At 13 years

There was Johnny Morrison, with a weak mind, but so kindly and interested in all about him. He was a fixture in the village where he loafed constantly. He carried "black snake" to drive off the boys who teased him. The whip protected him but was never used. Then there was Jimmy Branyan, a deaf mute, who made his living sawing wood. He was a familiar sight, with a saw buck and a buck saw on his shoulder. He had many customers for wood was the common fuel.

Uncle Henry and Aunt Susan Bash with their family lived on Strawberry Hill. Their home was a mecca for old and young alike. Music, good food, gracious living conspired to provide a heart warming hospitality for all. Posey Hill has also its memories of good times, it was there Uncle Sam and Aunt Becky Grim lived in quiet dignity. I loved Aunt Becky to distraction and always think of her working with flowers. I remember a pink hyacinth she gave me when I was ten years old. It was the most fragrant and beautiful hyacinth I had ever seen. To sit at her table and eat fried potatoes as only she could fry them, to eat the mushrooms cooked to a turn, which Uncle Sam used to gather, bring memories of happy childhood days.

My first fifteen years paralleled the completion and closing of the Wabash-Erie Canal. I was two years old when the first steam canal boat left Huntington

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ten miles South of Roanoke on September 25, 1862. An article in a Toledo, Ohio, newspapers, re-printed in the "Indiana Herald" a few days later, tell us - "that the Canal propellar "Buffalo" arrived here yesterday from Huntington with a full load of wheat and flour. The "B" is a new boat now on its first trip and is represented as fulfilling in every respect the anticipation of her builder and owner, Captain Morgan. She left Huntington Thursday morning and arrived her at 5 and a half P. M. yesterday making the run of 129 miles in 72 hours, from which should be deducted five hours detention at Fort Wayne and one hour at Providence. The engineer of the boat informs us that one cord of wood is amply sufficient for a 24-hour run, demonstrating that as far as economy is concerned, that has been fully secured by the introduction of steam as a motive power on our Canal". I like to think I saw the "Buffalo" as it passed through Roanoke.

From the time I was four or five and until my early teens I lived on the banks of the Canal. Many of my earliest recollections center about the Canal with its canoes, wheat boats and the house boat of Captain Vandoecker. The captain's small daughter was his cook and housekeeper. Many tales were spun about their home life on the Upper Basin. Wheat boats were drawn by mules who were beaten by the swearing mule drivers, flourishing

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 visible to the eye, but which are
 present in the air.

Great quantities of matter are
 present in the air, and it is
 not possible to see them.

It is true that the air is
 filled with matter, but it is so
 thin that we cannot see it.

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their long black snake whips as they guided the mules along the tow path. This is quite a contrast in comparison with the electric mules of today used on the Panama Canal.

The Canal did not continue long enough for progress to demand many changes. An article in a Toledo newspaper of the period records its methods of accomplishment. Three to six horses in tandem were driven along the side of the Canal and fastened to the boat by a long tow rope, perhaps 200 feet in length. This required shift of horses and drivers. All types of shipping was carried on. There were, for instance, the store boats. Mother took me to see one where everything for sale was made of glass. We bought a pitcher and a high stemmed cake plate. I was thrilled and excited! It was a great adventure! I had seen many of these boats and held them in awe, but, I had never been on one. From that moment I became even more fascinated with life on the Canal.

Reading of Canal operations of those early years, one can only marvel at the many difficulties overcome. As winter came on, all northern canals had navigation trouble. Ice would stop a boat but most of them kept moving until November or December. They were forced to remain, caught in the ice, until early Spring. This often caused great hardships.

A year after the Wabash-Erie Canal was completed in 1835, packet service on that route was probably the fastest in the country. Canal boats ran regularly from Toledo, Ohio to Lafayette, Indiana in two days and eight hours at the rate of nearly 104 miles per day. In order to maintain fast passenger service it was necessary to change horses every eight or ten miles. Since the Canal was a public highway there were many kinds of boats on it. Anyone able to pay the tolls could build canal boats and operate them. But later carrying business was done mostly by professional boatmen. Floating saloons and boats of entertainment were popular. Indiana newspapers advertised floating palaces in which a circus performed as it plied the Wabash-Erie Canal. Each boat was a source of pride to the captain and his crew. Boats were often enlivened by bright colors of their exteriors. The Wabash-Erie had one popular packet named "The Silver Bell". It was drawn by gray mules said to have worn silver mounted harness with tinkling bells. Some outfits had bright brass or nickel mounting. Bangles were distinguishing features.

If today we could see one of these boats, seventy or eighty feet long, only eleven feet wide, with primitive concessions to comfort and sanitation, one would marvel at the exaggerated ideas of magnificence so well

described. It was said that a man of medium height had difficulty walking to and for in the cabins. It was the brightly painted exteriors which provided the glamour.

The "Indiana" for example, had a red and black under body, white upper cabin, green shutters. Its twenty four side windows had red curtains. Boats of that day carried many queer cargoes. Often one would carry two or three hundred barrels of ashes, in great demand for manufacturing lye, potash, soap and other products. Immense cargoes of fire wood were hauled for little coal was used until well into the nineteenth century. These packets ran on no scheduled time but started when there was a full load of passengers who arrived when they could conveniently.

I was on the Canal as soon as I was old enough to learn to skate but when the Canal was open it was great fun to spin the logs when they drifted down in to the Basin at my back door. My recollection is that I became quite an expert. Six to ten logs were linked together to make a single raft. They were built in sections just the size to go through the locks. Rafts would float down the Wabash River or creeks to the Canal and then would be towed through by mules. A crew of four or five men handled such a raft. They slept in a rough board shelter built on one side of the section. There were rules against "parking" in the Canal or within one

hundred and fifty feet of the locks, unless in a basin.

I saw many of these rafts.

So the years passed happily. One day when I was twelve, the newspapers and magazines arrived. I eagerly picked up the "New York Ledger" which had the first chapters of a new serial. As usual I began to plead to read those. I said to my mother - "it's about the Chicago fire, I should learn about that, there is a picture of a house and a pretty girl, just let me read this part of the new serial". I promised that it would be the last.

Early in May of that year, mother was taken very ill. The next day she was able to talk to me and she said she did not think she could get well and she was thinking of my future. In the late afternoon, I went down to get the "New York Ledger" which had just arrived. I was sure there would be the last installment of the story I was reading. I opened the paper to see, "The End" greeting me. There was a gasp from mother - my wonderful mother was gone. I was thirteen in July and stepped into a changed world.

Through the years I have carried a picture of mother in my heart. I see her as she walked to church wearing a soft green merino for she taught a Sunday School class of tiny children. I see her in the old Seminary Chapel and feel myself in our particular corner with the tiny tots about us. I remember her hair, the color of chestnuts.

I remember her best as being very modest and soft spoken.

A sweetness of spirit and a mantle of charity enveloped her. Neither I nor anyone else heard mother say a disparaging word about any one. If she heard an unkind word spoken, she always remembered something good or kind that the person had done. Her early training has left its mark on me. But I fear, I have not always faced life as it is, but often turned away from what I did not like. I fear I may have often looked for the beauty in life, ignoring the unpleasant sides.

The following is the newspaper notice of mother's death - "Mary Brown, of Reanoke, Indiana, wife of Joseph M. Brown, deceased, and daughter of Peter and Barbara Grim, May 14, 1873, aged 41 years, one month and twenty-two days. Quite a number of years ago, Sister Brown was left a widow with one child to maintain and train for God and Heaven. For almost eight years she served the public as post mistress with entire satisfaction. She led a quiet and peaceable life, impressing all who knew her that she possessed that religion which is pure, peaceable, gentle and full of gentle fruit. Her mind was pure and her moral character without a spot or blemish. She embraced religion at quite an early period in life and joined the Church of the United Brethren in which she served an humble, Christian life till death removed

her to the Church Triumphant. May God bless her daughter with his continued presence, that father, mother and daughter may be reunited in Heaven. She also leaves a Christian mother, sister and four brothers to mourn their loss."

When mother died, I went to live with my Uncle Dan and my Aunt Emma Grim. My love for Uncle Dan was very deep. In the seven years I lived in his home, I never expressed in words my appreciation of his sympathy and kindness, but there was a bond of understanding between us, an unspoken language. I never heard him say a cross or unkind word. He was very fond of his nieces and nephews. We thought of him as "teasing Uncle Dan". His qualities of heart and mind made him worthy of the love of all of us. In recent years I have learned that Aunt Emma's grandmother, Granny Ross, was a native of New Hampshire and not to be thought of in the same breath as we Pennsylvania Dutch folks. Her idea of housekeeping, sewing and cooking, were very different from those of her neighbors. A favorite story was that Granny could knit a sock while she walked from her home in the country to Roanoke. It was also said it would wear about that long.

The Spring of 1852 marked the opening of the Roanoke Classical Seminary, which was to flourish for twenty-seven years. At that time six Indiana counties were represented and a few students from Western Ohio enrolled. Very early

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primary grades were added. I was quite young when I attended school there, my first school memories center about it. In 1870 Bishop Jonathan Weaver of the United Brethern Church purchased the Seminary. At this time the Methodists brought the United Brethern Church property. After Professor F. S. Reefy left a succession of men were responsible for it. Several of these teachers were ministers and served as pastors of the church. In 1839, under the direction of Professor D. N. Howe, the Seminary was moved to North Manchester, Indiana, and became the forerunner of the North Manchester College. There is a memorial window dedicated to the Seminary in the Roanoke United Brethern Church in a stained glass window.

A pamphlet printed in 1872 describes the two Seminary buildings. One contained the chapel, music and recitation rooms, the other, across the street, was the Mens' Dormitory described as having "rooms in good repair". Two dollars a week was charged for board at the Hall. Rooms rented from \$1.50 to \$5.00 and meals were 10-cents a meal, or \$1.85 a week. The Academic cost, a term of twelve weeks in Language was nine dollars; Advanced Departments cost six and a half dollars to eight dollars; Primary, three or four dollars and instrumental music lessons were nine dollars; thirty vocal lessons one dollar and a half. It is interesting to know that \$120.00 paid in advance met the

expenses of tuition, fuel, light, board and room rent for one year of fifty weeks in the late '80s.

In the Fall of 1873 I found a new friend. She was Miss Mollie Speaks, a sister of Oley Speaks, the composer. She came from Ohio to teach music in the Seminary. It is safe to say that in all these years whenever I have heard "Who is Sylvia" my thoughts wing their way back to this young woman who was willing to listen to the problems of a thirteen old, who in spite of the love of aunts and uncles, often felt very much alone.

In the January 24th issue in 1874 of the "Roanoke Register" newspaper appeared the following advertisement -

The Roanoke Classical Seminary
The Winter term of this flourishing
institution opened.
Monday November 17, 1873
Corps of instructors
Prof. A. B. Kohr, A.M. Principal
Mrs. L. Kohr, First Assistant
Also two additional and competent teachers
will be employed. Miss Mollie Speaks
will continue to have charge of the Music
Department and will give lessons in
instrumental music.
Each day during the term for \$9.00

One of my memories of Mollie is that she wore beautiful clothes. My cousin, Clemmie Bash Long, said that the five daughters in the Henry Bash household, "where wardrobes were meagre" were much impressed by Mollie's clothes. Clemmie remembers one dress in particular. It was a time when overskirts and many flowers

were in vogue. Clemmie was standing at the foot of the stairs in the hall of the Seminary, looking up she saw Mollie coming down. She was wearing a white swiss organdie dress, trimmed with many ruffles which had been crimped with a fluting iron. Its over-skirt seemed to billow about her.

Clemmie Bash was very musical as were others of the Bash clan. Her practice hours at the Seminary were from five to six each evening. Thinking one day that all the teachers had left the building, she picked up a Sunday School Song Book and began to play "'Twill Be Over Soon"-

'Twill be over soon
'Tis only a moment here
'Twill be over soon

In the middle of the second verse Mollie walked in and asked sternly if that was her lesson and in no uncertain terms told my young cousin to go back to her exercises.

Clemmie commenting about this episode said - "Mollie had taken the fun out of that practice hour and the words of the song proved to be quite appropriate". Everyone connected with the Seminary and the townspeople admired Mollie's musical ability and had great respect for her personally. When Miss Margaret Speaks began to be featured on radio, I knew the musical talent of the Speaks family was very much alive in a younger generation.

When I was sixteen, I received a letter from a young man. I do not remember anything about him, he was probably a student at the seminary. I am sure that I got a good deal of amusement from reading it. When Lucile found it among old letters, she insisted on keeping it for posterity -

Fort Wayne, February 28, 1876

Dear Miss Brown - It is no small degree of apprehension as to the manner in which you may receive the following avowal that I take up my pen to address you. But I have so long struggled with my feelings that they have now got the better of my irresolution and throwing aside all hesitations, I have ventured, although alarmed at my boldness in doing so, to lay open my whole heart before you. For months past impressed with a passion that has entirely superseded every other feeling of my heart. That passion is love and you, you alone are the object of it. In vain have I endeavored to drive the idea from my mind by every art I could think of. In vain have I sought out every amusement that might have a tendency to relieve my mind, from the bias it has taken, but love has taken that firm hold of my whole soul that I am unable to entertain but one thought, one feeling, and it is always yourself. I neglect myself, my business and can neither hear or see any one thing but you bear the chief part therein. Believe me I am sincere when I feel it totally impossible to live apart from you. When near you I am in Paradise, when absent, I feel in torture. This I solemnly assure you is a true description of the feelings with which my breast is continually agitated

and it remains only for you to give reality to these hopes, or at once crush them by a single word, but say that word and I am the happiest or most miserable of mankind. I remain, your sincere friend,

H.E.V

Perhaps even at this time, sixty-five years later, it is kinder to use only his initials.

Olemmie Bash and I were often together in those days. We studied together, but probably we did not know what it really meant to work on our lessons. Usually Sunday afternoons found us with a group of young friends, we went for long walks through the woods near the Henry Bash farm on Strawberry Hill. When we returned, Aunt Susan would provide supper, usually pie, cookies, fresh fruits and nuts. Hospitality of Uncle Henry and Aunt Susan was proverbial. In season we gathered nuts and in winter there were bob-sled and skating parties. It was a sorry day in 1883 when the Henry Bash family moved to Port Townsend, Washington Territory.

One social activity of this group of young people found expression in the Beethoven Society, one of the most flourishing in the Seminary. This was an exceedingly well-trained group and a great credit to the school. Much of the social life of the community centered in its rehearsals and entertainment. The Society gave many programs in Roanoke and other nearby communities. Most of

THE
OFFICE OF THE
SECRETARY OF THE
NAVY
WASHINGTON, D. C.

1917

TO THE SECRETARY OF THE NAVY, WASHINGTON, D. C.

FROM THE SECRETARY OF THE NAVY, WASHINGTON, D. C.

SUBJECT: [Illegible]

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the Bash young people were featured soloists. I, not being blessed with a voice, might have been called an associate member and could only enjoy it all from the side lines. The Beethoven Society was not the only group fostered by the Seminary. Lecture Courses, musical entertainments, literary and debating societies were the extra curricula activities. From its very beginning all the social life and much of the religious life of that day and area revolved about the Seminary.

The summer I was eighteen was a very happy one for me. I visited my paternal grandparents, Gabriel and Elisabeth Seimer in Stark County, Ohio. What a satisfying visit it was! Aunt Kate (Mary Catherine), a gifted artist was only ten years older than I. A few years later she was to paint a portrait of my daughter. One day during this visit Aunt Kate and I attempted to disguise ourselves with heavy black veils and old clothes. We hitched old Logan, the big white farm horse, aged twenty-one, to the carriage and sallied forth. As we drove along, suddenly Logan walked out of his harness, ambling on, leaving us convulsed with laughter. What chance did we have to deceive the country side with old Logan?

Twenty years later, Lucile spent a vacation in Cleveland and in Stark County. She had a wonderful visit with all the relatives living in and about Beach City and with

The first part of the paper is devoted to a discussion of the general principles of the theory of the structure of the atom.

In the second part of the paper, the author discusses the results of his own researches on the structure of the atom.

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In the twelfth part of the paper, the author discusses the results of his own researches on the structure of the atom.

Uncle Sol Weimer and his family in Cleveland. Through the years from time to time, our paths have crossed those of these Ohio relatives. When my daughter was a freshman in college, Glen Grabill, one of these Stark County cousins, who had inherited the Weimer musical talent, took her to hear grand opera for the first time.

We have several letters written to Lucile while she was in Ohio. Her father wrote to her on his fortieth birthday - "I know you are happy. You could not be otherwise visiting such dear folks as you will find there. I am forty years old today, my natal day. If I live to be a hundred I will never forget their kindness to me. It hardly seems possible that I am forty. From now on, my dear, it will be your duty to love me, as you have in the past, but you will have to show me great respect on account of my age. How true the old adage - "There is but a breath of air and the beat of the heart betwixt this world and the next". This was 1898, the year of the Spanish-American War. In letters Clara Yingling kept Lucile informed on the activities of the soldiers from Huntington County. In a letter dated July 30 she wrote - "Company K is on its way to Puerto Rico." The chief family interest was the enlistment of my cousin Harry Wasmuth, the youngest in the A. Wasmuth family.

While my daughter was in Cleveland her father sent her a bicycle. I sent her what might be called a "bicycle

habit" copying it from one I had seen in Marshall Field's in Chicago. It was made of light tan denim, the skirt was circular with a wide band of corded tucks at the bottom. It was topped by a Peter Thompson blouse. With it, she wore her brother Kirk's leather tan-o-shanter. I am sure she was the happiest teen ager in Cleveland as she toured that beautiful city with Uncle Sol and Ethel. Uncle Sol (Solomon) was the youngest of the eighteen children in the family of Gabriel and Elisabeth Weimer. He was one of the great school men of Ohio. After college and teaching in various schools, among them the Roncke Classical Seminary, he was called to the Cleveland Central High School as Assistant Principal. It was quite famous as being the first free high school West of the Alleghenies. ^{he was} Years later, /to help to establish the Cleveland High School of Commerce, and became its first principal. I know of no one in the Weimer clan more greatly loved than was Uncle Sol.

In a letter written during this Ohio visit, I told Lucile of the activities of her two young brothers - "This is a beautiful morning. Paul, Melville, Marshall, Robert, Allen and Kirk, have gone to picnic on 'the banks of the Wabash'. Marshall took his pony and cart. Some have gone on their wheels. Mr. Moose took Allen and

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Robert. I fried the chicken, Allen bought it before you went away. Kirk was so excited about the pony he forgot and started without his lunch basket. Needless to say he rode with Marshall in the pony cart. Allen caught five large carp besides four good sized cat fish". Fishing was to become a lifelong hobby of Allen's. Kirk has always had a love of horses.

You remember the three sets of children in the Gabriel Weimer family. Twenty-two years after Lucile had spent that summer in Ohio, she attended the National Convention of the Young Women's Christian Association in Cleveland. Another delegate was Mary Bash, the granddaughter of Susan Weimer Bash. The two had dinner with Uncle Sol and his family, with Mary, Ethel and Lucile, the three sets of children were represented around the festive board.

When I returned from my Ohio visit in 1878, I began my last year in the Seminary. I have before me the program of a rhetorical entertainment given at the Roanoke Academy, as the Seminary was called for several years. No doubt this program in 1879 was the closing event of the Senior class. The subject of Jennie E. Brown's rhetorical effort was - "Are you Sure?" May I tell you a secret - I am sure she never has been. The orations, if they can be

called that, were interspersed with musical numbers.

Sumner Bash sang "Blue Grass". When my children were small they often begged him to sing this comic song, much to their delight and amusement. This is a verse and chorus as I remember it -

"I fell into a box of blue grass
And oh, I skinned my chins
But a single baby in a blue grass cradle
It will turn to twins.

Blue grass, Blue grass,
'Tis the greatest discovery yet,
If you get a little sick
You can cure it quick."

The United Brethern Church from as early as 1844 has played a most important part in the growth of the cultural life of the community. It was organized before the village was platted. Two years later, a frame church building was erected on the Main Street Hill. In 1944, the United Brethern Church celebrated its Centennial Anniversary. The Anniversary sermon on that occasion was - "The Meeting Place of Two Centuries".

In 1860 sixteen years after the United Brethern Church was established in Roanoke, Professor F. S. Reedy was busy with plans for the Roanoke Classical Seminary. It was to wield an influence widely felt by everyone in the community and northern Indiana. One of the most popular and able administrators of the history of the Seminary was DeWitt Long. He served as President and Manager in the late '70s

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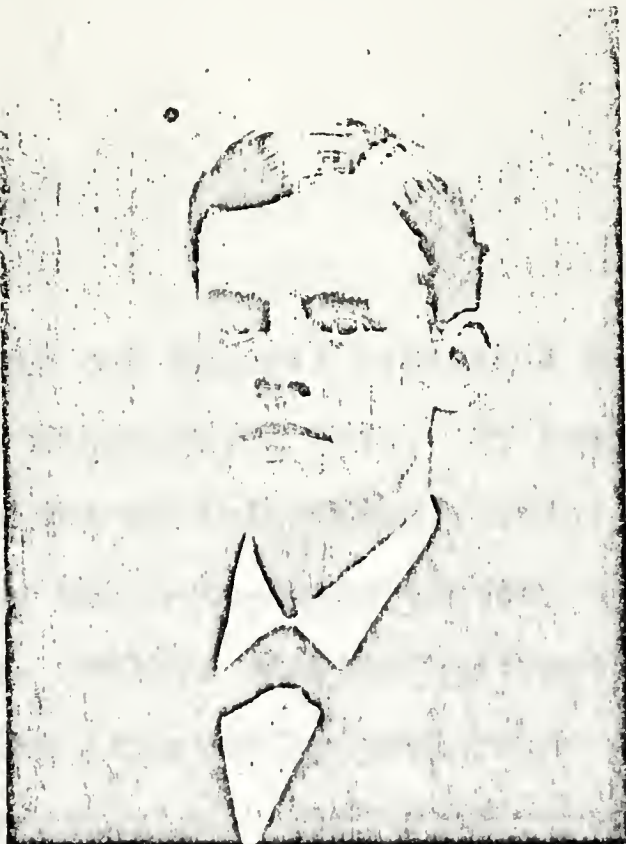
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and early '80s. He was much interested in Athletics, often participating in the games with the students. His brother, B. N. Long, came to Roanoke to serve as a minister and as a teacher. P. S. Reefy and DeWitt Long had one thing in common, their participation in the interests of the students. Prof. Reefy used to take his primary pupils into the woods where they would dig up young saplings with a mattock, drag them back to town and plant them about the Seminary building. Each pupil planted his own tree and it was named for him.

One of the students was my future husband who came from his home on a farm near Akron, Indiana. Many of the students matriculated at Otterbein University, a United Brethern college at Westerville, Ohio. Wilber was one of these. Now my thoughts turn to my wedding day - December 30, 1880. While Wilber was at Otterbein he made a connection with the Allen-Ferguson Publishing Company Cincinnati in Cincinnati, Ohio, first as a book agent. We honeymooned on the Rader homestead in Fulton County. At that time I had several hundred dollars, all that Wilber had been able to accumulate beyond the current expenses, was forty dollars. I am sure that my father-in-law had grave misgivings when he heard of the forty dollar margin. So I left the village of Roanoke to live in Cincinnati. It was an exciting new world.



ALBERT WILBER RADER

At 20 years



JENNIE E. BROWN

At 18 years

CHAPTER FIVE

We began our married life in a small apartment in Mt. Auburn, Cincinnati, Ohio. My husband's responsibility was finding and training book agents. At that time books were sold by house-to-house canvas, especially in rural communities. Wilber visited colleges in Ohio and made contacts with students for employment during vacations and after graduation. Our three-room apartment became a mecca for these young men. In later years when I opened my door to find a book agent there, my heart went out to him. Allen-Ferguson published a number of books, a "History of Civilization" was among these. The association with Mr. Allen and the two Ferguson brothers was very pleasant. We named our first son, Allen Ferguson.

One of the places, to be visited in Cincinnati, was the Zoo. With Indiana relatives and friends coming to visit us, embryo book agents to be entertained, I spent considerable time there. Finally I rebelled and said to my husband - "I will go with them, find a bench near the entrance. They can look to their heart's content but I just can't point out the monkey cages one more time".

As I look back, there has always been an urge to create something, usually I think where color would predominate. Perhaps if I had put my mind and hands to it, I might have

been a fair designer of hats. What I really wanted to do in those days in Cincinnati was to make pottery. Five years before we moved there, a group of women were led to experiment in the decoration of ceramics. Some of their over-glazed porcelain was exhibited at the Philadelphia Exposition. They later experimented in applying color to the wet clay body, with the idea of producing a new kind of pottery, by applying colored decoration in the material itself. Marie Longworth Storer (Mrs. Bellamy) opened a pottery studio which she named "Rockwood", the name of her father's estate. Townspeople were given an opportunity to study and learn at the pottery. I have never been sure whether it was my timidity or the fact that I did not get too much encouragement from my husband but I did not take advantage of my opportunity which I regret to this day. Pieces of "Rockwood" pottery were unique, hand-made pieces, executed with pains-taking care. This particular undertaking made a valuable contribution in the discovery of new ceramic processes in color and texture. In 1882, the Art Institute was opened giving Cincinnati another opportunity to enjoy the best in paintings and sculptures.

Cincinnati has always been a music-loving community. In February 1882, Madame Adelina Patti gave two concerts. I have in my hand the programs of those never to be for-

gotten evenings. The printed programs were provided by "Alms & Doepke" a department store flourishing then and now. The words of the songs sung by Madame Patti were printed and a paragraph of thanks was added:

"To Our Patrons -

In handing you these little souvenirs of Adolina Patti, the Queen of Song, who by her presence in Cincinnati at the Great Opera Festival, makes it the greatest and most brilliant Operatic or Musical event, every known in our country. We beg leave to return our thanks to you, you who have helped us build up our business, your approval of our efforts yields a pleasing recollection and is a powerful incentive to further endeavor. The Little Souvenir will we hope, not only be a perpetual reminder to you of the World's greatest singer and of Cincinnati's Great Opera Festival of 1882 - but also of those who will always endeavor to please you and bid you welcome"

- Alms & Doepke

On the first evening Madame Patti sang the "Recitative" and Aria "Ah, for e lùt" from "La Traviata," and "Home Sweet Home; the second evening "Bel Raggio" from Rossini's "Sembramade", and the Duet "Pragio Cara" from "La Traviata" which she sang with Signor Nicolini. On each evening an entire act was sung by Madame Patti and the cast of the Music Festival. The two offerings were the fourth act of "Aida" and the fourth act of "Travatore". These two gala evenings were long to be remembered. The Music

positive experience. The subject's response to the question "I like to be alone" is "I like to be alone" and the subject's response to the question "I like to be with people" is "I like to be with people". The subject's response to the question "I like to be alone" is "I like to be alone" and the subject's response to the question "I like to be with people" is "I like to be with people".



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Festival had been organized seven years before we moved to Cincinnati.

One of our good fortunes at this time was to have as near neighbors the Hildreth family, father, mother and three daughters. Mother Hildreth was a wonderful person and meant everything to me. In 1930, my daughter was to spend a few months there. When I learned she was going I said - "If you could only find some trace of the Hildreth family". After so many years with three daughters probably changing their names, it seemed rather hopeless. Believe it or not, almost the first person she met on her arrival was Sarah Hildreth Brown. Sarah said - "Are you our Lucille?". The Hildreths remembered the Raders.

My husband received an offer from the Methodist Book Concern to represent it in Australia. It spelled "adventure". We thought about it long and hard. Our daughter was on her way, so we decided that our family should grow up in the good old United States. I have often speculated on what our life might have been "way down under". If the opportunity had come a bit sooner, we might have ventured.

We moved to Delhi, a suburb, for we had outgrown our small apartment on Saunders Street. Our Indiana friends still enjoyed the glamour of the city. The first

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JENNIE E. BROWN RADER

Cincinnati - 1882

JENNIE E. BROWN RADER

OSKALOOSA, IOWA

1885





Christmas in Delhi, my cousin, Evelyn Wasmuth, spent her vacation with us. Wilber met her and took her to hear the Cincinnati Symphony. On Sunday we took her to the Methodist Church. Many years later speaking of that visit she said - "Up to that time, I had never seen any one joining church, except after a revival. That morning a young woman came to the chancel and in a quiet moment the minister welcomed her into church membership with an impressive prayer. Emotion had always seemed so much a part of "getting religion" that it made a deep and lasting impression". When we remember my great grandfather was called a "Shouting Methodist" the service of his day was a far cry from the Methodist Church in suburban Delhi.

Two years almost to a day after we were married, my dear friend and cousin, Clemmie Bash was married to B. H. Long who had come to Roanoke to teach in the Seminary and to serve as minister. When the Longs celebrated their Fiftieth Wedding anniversary, I sent Clemmie the letter she had written just before her marriage. She described her trousseau so minutely, it gave an excellent idea of that year 1882 - "My flannel dress is new and with my pelisse looks quite stylish. My wedding dress is of garnet, Ottoman silk, it is darkest shade of garnet.

The Ottaman silks are just out and are a heavy grosgrain.

By the way grosgrain silks are more fashionable now.

My dress is made with an eight-inch triple box pleated ruffle on one side from waist to plaiting and two widths of silk, hemmed all round, plaited up carelessly for the back draping. My basque has two points in front and two in back. My dress is plain but very rich looking. My dress hat is all black plush with a large knot of plush and a steel ornament on one side. On the other is a long and pretty cream-colored ostrich plume. Around the edge is sort of a chenille fixing that makes it look finished.

The hat is rather large and I think very pretty and becoming. My black dolman, I bought last winter, is a very fine diagonal beaver, trimmed with black silk plush.

The plush extends down the front, around the bottom, also around the sleeves. It goes across the back which gives the appearance of a cape on top of the dolman." She says she is very sorry that I cannot have a new wrap but she thinks I am very considerate since Wilber has no new overcoat. She closes the letter - "Jennie I want you to come to my wedding. Wish you and Wilber could come. I give you a special invitation for you are my dearest friend. I am thankful you are married. I would not want you to set traps for my prize". When Lucille was born the Longs wrote us a letter, the salutation was -

Mr. and Mrs. Rader, it was signed Mr. and Mrs. Long, rather formal for a note to cousins.

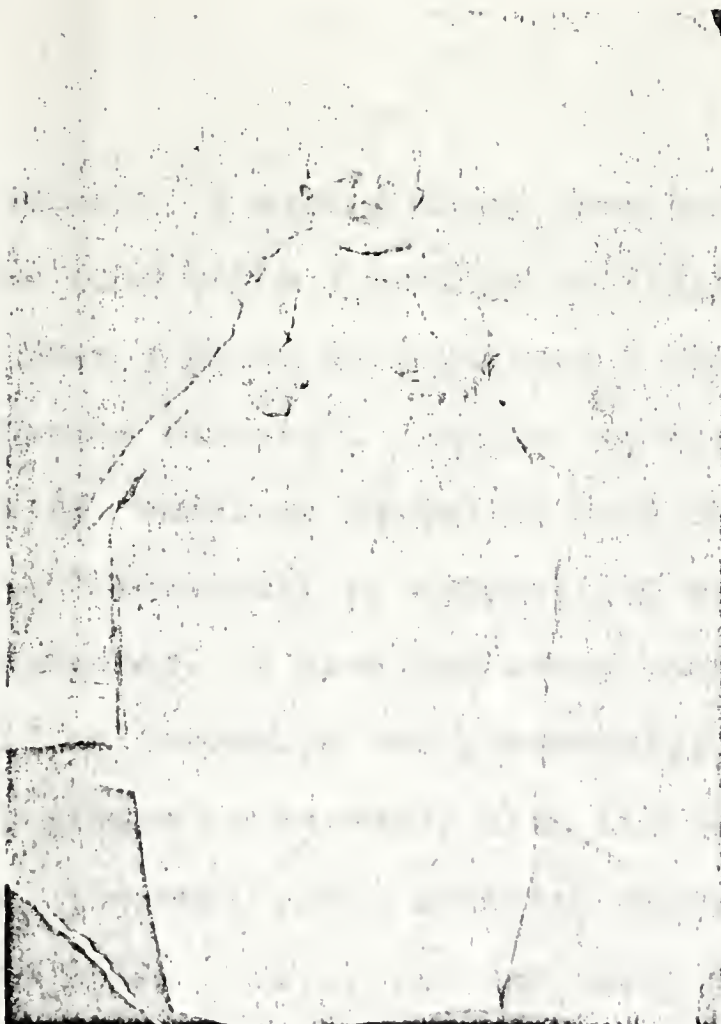
The Longs moved to Toledo, Iowa. Little did we dream that in several years our paths would again cross in Iowa. My husband decided to go in business for himself and we moved to Oskaloosa, Iowa. There our two sons were born. We made many friends, among them our neighbors, the Bowens, whose paths were destined to cross ours again many years later.

Louise came at this time to be a very important member of our household. She had recently come to the United States to be with relatives living in a small mining town near Oskaloosa, a Swedish community. We were fortunate to have her in our home. What a jewel she proved to be. Louise learned to speak English with the help of our small daughter. I would say - "Take Louise and show her the potatoes" - she was a marvelous cook, after several years she left because she could command better wages than I could afford to pay. She went tearfully, it took my family from the oldest to the youngest, a long time to adjust to life without Louise.

We visited back and forth with the Long family in Toledo. We had been in Iowa a short time when Clemmie Long spent a week end with us. We were sitting down to our Sunday dinner, when a small

cyclone enveloped the city. The stove pipe came down with a bang scattering soot every where. The pie, cut for desert was black as charcoal. Our fair Louise took on darker hues. Clemmie started for the cellar. I reluctantly followed with Lucile. Wilber stood his ground and tried to do something about the stove pipe. When the storm abated, I went upstairs to find my husband calmly eating his dinner foraged from the covered dishes. The roof of a school house had blown away, bricks falling to the basement. The fact that it was Sunday averted a tragedy.

Before I left Cincinnati, I had begun to paint on felt and velvet. You, of that vintage, will remember the screens, plaques and table runners. My most pretentious effort was a two-panelled oak screen. On one panel of blue velvet, I painted water lilies, on the other of gold velvet, daisies and cat tail stocks. A table runner finished with small chenille balls, covered our marble top table. One day I went to the parlor and discovered one of the boys, I forbear to say which one, calmly viewing the balls he had snipped. I sometimes found Allen sitting under the table looking at the pictures in the "Century" magazine. When I urged him to play outdoors he would say - "Too hot". I liked to hammer brass, one piece was an Indian head mounted on



KIRK RADER

At 6 months



LUCILE RADER

At 6 years

OSKALOOSA, IOWA

red velvet. A square brass tray with a pattern of lilies, is the only relic I have of my fling at art.

When I lived in Okaloosa I bought a set of the "Works of Charles Dickens". Imagine my surprise when turning the pages of "American Notes" to read of his visit to Cincinnati - "Cincinnati is a beautiful city, cheerful, striving, and animated. I have not often seen a place that commends itself so favorably and pleasantly, to a stranger at the first glance as it does; with its clean homes of red and white, its well paved streets, roads and foot-ways of bright tile. I was quite charmed with the appearance of the town and its adjoining suburb of Mount Auburn; from which the city, lying in an amphitheatre of hills, forms a picture of remarkable beauty and is seen to great advantage." As I read this description of the community to which I went as a bride, I confess to a wave of nostalgia.

Mr. Dickens continues to describe his travels by Canal, the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers. He writes of - "Leaving Cincinnati at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, we embarked for Louisville in the Pike steamboat, which carrying the mails, was a packet of better class than that in which we had come from Pittsburgh. Years later, reading the Civil War letters, I found one written on board "The Lady Pike, written by my father -

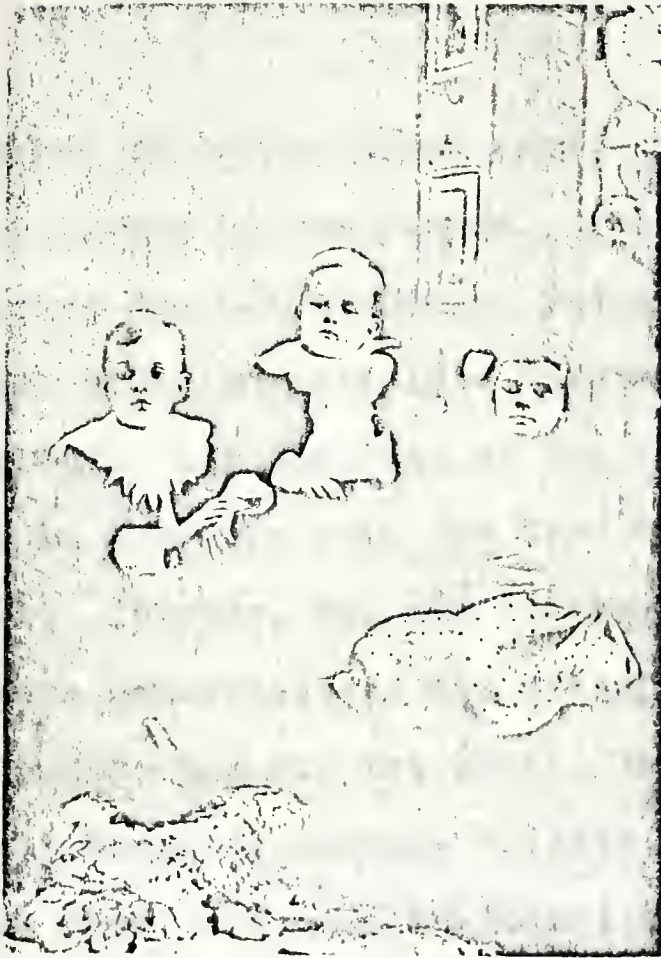
February 22, 1862
On Board the Steamer "Lady Pike" Cairo, Ill.

Dear Mary - I did not mail that letter in Paducah, it was mailed here (Cairo). Today we drew our pay & I had calculated to send it to you by express from here but we just now got orders to go to Commerce, Missouri. I will send it the first chance I get. The war is about over in this part of the country & if they are doing anything in Virginia, it will not be long until I and all the rest of the boys will be home. We have been on this Steamer six days now, how long we will remain on board is more than I can tell. I suppose some of these days we will get marching orders for Louisville & from there home. The boys are all anxious to land again. You can look for money in a few days. We get paid up till the first of January. I will get \$29.26. I am well. Hoping you and Jennie enjoy the same blessing.

Jos. M. Brown

In a few years my husband became a bit restless. He had a great capacity for making friends, he had thoroughly enjoyed the wider contacts made in his connection with the publishing firm in Cincinnati. The decision was made to return and again be associated with the Allen-Ferguson firm. This was more or less an experimental move, it seemed wise to take the family to Huntington, Indiana, where we would be surrounded by relatives and friends. All three children could enjoy uninterrupted school years, happy years for them.

Memories crowd in on me. We were members of the Methodist Church. An annual money making project was the Easter market. It was a fair, for all kinds of hand work was sold, including food. My contribution was angel food,



ALLEN - KIRK - LUCILLE

Huntington, Indiana

1891

ALLEN and KIRK

1893



hickory nut or orange layer cake. This market was held on the Saturday before Easter. Two meals were served. A few years ago Helen Thomas, Judge Watkins' granddaughter, wrote an article - "Easter Bazar was city-wide Attraction". All sections of the Ladies' Aid united their efforts in a needle work and food market held in the church basement. However, not all the members participated. There were conservatives who disapproved using the Sunday School Auditorium for the sale. There were shawls, dust caps, sun bonnets, aprons, doilies, crocheted pieces, articles then very much in vogue, most of which have long been discarded. Church janitors were not regularly employed. It was up to the women to clean house before the Bazaar could be held. In later years, the conservative members gained the sympathetic ear of the pastor then serving the church and the Easter Bazaar was abandoned."

One Easter market stands out in my memory. I had been at the church all day and in preparation had done my usual quota of baking. In previous years I had painted Easter eggs with lustre paint, left from my painting days in Cincinnati. The eggs were beautiful, bronze, gold, silver or pastel shades. I must have been unusually busy and decided to buy dyed eggs at the market. Arriving home late with three tired children, I was careless. One of them found the package of eggs. They divided the eggs and

put them in the nests. Alas in the morning they found only the eggs which each had chosen so carefully. I would have stayed up all night to paint but all the eggs had gone into the cakes. The Easter rabbit was indeed a myth for my three cherubs from that moment.

When Lucile was ten years old, her father gave her a gold watch. Allen was heart broken but reconciled when I promised to buy a hen for him. Mrs. John Campbell, who lived in the country brought us eggs and a chicken each week, so Allen had his hen, he built a coop for it in the wood shed. I hope he was as happy with his hen as his sister was with her watch. I remember another incident about the hen. The two older children had gone to Sunday School. Kirk and I followed for the church service. Just as we started down the aisle, Kirk whispered - "See what I have" and took an egg from his pocket. I fear my thoughts were a bit distracted during the service but nothing happened.

The Methodist Church choir was directed by our friend of Roanoke days, Sumner Bash. I entertained the group one evening - I made taffy and pulled it. We were to discover that I had reached not for the vanilla but for the paregoric bottle. There was merriment at my expense. They accused me of providing the cure with the cause.

The taffy was a success and a good time was had by all.

Mrs. W. C. Chaffee, very dear and close friends. The doctor had been my guardian in Roanoke, his former home. That evening Lucile, two of her friends and I were dressed as a Frau and Fraulein, and served the refreshments. Perhaps that was one of the first efforts toward international understanding in that community.

One morning I answered the door bell to find a Mr. Friend from Akron, Indiana, a friend of Grandpa and Grandma Eader. The suit he wore was a rusty black. The vest was fastened with a horse blanket pin. His shirt stud was made from a coral ring which had belonged to his first wife. He showed me a photograph of a woman, which from the dress and "hair-do" had been taken years before. He said he had corresponded with her through the help of a Matrimonial agency. She was arriving on an early afternoon Erie train, object - matrimony. I invited him to bring her to call. Late in the afternoon, on hearing the door bell, I went to greet them, only to find a dejected looking Mr. Friend. He said - "she didn't suit". I confess to being a bit unkind. Sumner Bash was with the "Huntington Herald". He sent a reporter to cover the arrival of the train. From all accounts "not suiting" must have been a fifty-fifty proposition, for the bride to be returned to Ohio on the next Eastbound train.

Summer vacations spent in Akron were a delight to us all. The grandparents had moved to Akron but my husband's sister lived on the Rader homestead. Opposite the farm house, across a ten-acre field, was a small lake. This meant fishing to one's ^{heart's} content. Back of the house and at some distance were huckleberry marshes. In season folks came from all the country side to pick berries on shares. Always there were huge baskets of fruit in the milk house to be canned or sold.

Since my husband had to be away from home so much he was always eager to take advantage of every opportunity to be with his family. In 1893 when he began to talk about a trip to the Chicago "Worlds' Fair, it had to be a family project. A week in Chicago was bound to be a budget problem. I packed a large tin box with food to supplement our restaurant meals. Small as the children were, I am sure that it was a week long to be remembered by them and by their parents.

One winter, I invited twenty-eight of my daughter's school friends to enjoy a bob sled ride, coming to the house for refreshments. This was a birthday celebration. In July of that year, I must have let Allen's suggestion for a birthday party for him go unheeded. All unsuspecting I answered the door on his birthday. I found neighborhood children bearing gifts, and soon others were coming

from all directions. I was to learn that Allen had visited the whole neighborhood, personally inviting every child within the sound of his voice. It meant a wild scramble to provide the refreshments but it was managed. I had always tried to have the children feel that their friends were always welcome. In spite of the surprise to me, I was glad to find that Allen had taken my lessons in hospitality to heart. It was my good fortune to be a charter member of two clubs which for many years flourished. The Shakespeare Club is still very much alive. In 1945, it observed its Fiftieth Anniversary. My maiden effort for the club was the second act of "The Tempest". I sent the part of the paper dealing with Ariel to be read at this birthday celebration. In the introduction I told of the hours spent one evening trying to capture in words the mood of this important character. My last waking thought was of Ariel, little thinking that I would soon be conscious of his power. With his enchanting music, his very being spun out of melody, he becomes a dainty little fairy who always wishes to dwell in the fringe of Summer. Yet with all his dainty beauty, he has a feeling soul, an intelligent will, a mighty strength. With these thoughts of Ariel I am at last asleep.

from all directions. The first thing I noticed

was a strong wind blowing from the north.

The wind was so strong that it was almost

impossible to stand against it.

I tried to hold on to the railing, but

the wind was too strong for me.

I was blown back and forth by the

wind, and I was almost

blown away from the ship.

I was so scared that I almost

cried out in fear.

I was so lucky that I was not

blown away from the ship.

I was so relieved that I almost

cried out in joy.

I was so happy that I almost

cried out in love.

I was so in love that I almost

cried out in happiness.

I was so happy that I almost

There is a shower of glass, I start awake, a window has come crashing in, the house shakes, doors close with a bang, the tin roof rattles, shutters slam. Can this be Ariel, music loving gentle Ariel? I go to the room where he has wrought such havoc. With an effort I push open the door, Ariel politely closes it but in a manner which assures me he is there. The room is dark except for the lamp in my hand, which he extinguishes before he lets me enter. I can see nothing but streaming white curtains. Every corner seems filled with impish figures. Everything flaps and bangs. The glass snaps and cracks under my feet. Trying to close the shutters, I tug and struggle but Ariel holds them with an iron grasp. I cannot move them. All the while he roars ^{with} laughter at my vain efforts, boxing my ears with the curtains, blows my hair about my face, tries to take my breath away. How the house trembles as he shakes with laughter.

A frightened childish voice from the real world calls - "Mama". I abandon the shutters and the room to its fate. The door closes, I leave the world of spirits to which Ariel tries to link us. We go down stairs to sit by the fire to ponder over that wonderful power that is so vast we cannot fathom it. To me it seemed truly a night spent with Ariel. Gentle and kind, strong and powerful, yet a fun-loving will-o-the-wisp, he had become a person that could be cherished in our affections with praise, blame,

love, tears and smiles. And so my sketch of Ariel was written.

The Coffee Club was a social group of twenty-five members. We met every two weeks, serving at noon what was really a three-course dinner. The members, as they entertained, vied with one another, concocted fabulous menus which helped to create the reputation that has accrued to Indiana home makers, that their culinary accomplishments are unrivalled. The club was a wonderful group. I look back to the friendships of those years as some of the choicest of my life.

One of the satisfactions of those years in Huntington were our frequent visits with the relatives in Roanoke. Lucile used to say she would rather go to Roanoke than to Europe. In those days, we took the Wabash train and were met at the station by a hack which took us to the village. Later an interurban electric line was built along the old tow path of the Wabash-Erie Canal. These, of course, were the - "horse and buggy days". The year before we left Huntington we had our first automobile ride. Mrs. Eli Allen and Harry took us to Saunders Grove for a picnic, in their brand new car, one of the earliest to be owned in the community. For my family it was a "red letter" day and a never to be forgotten picnic.

Later we moved to the South Side where all three children attended the William Street school, until it was time to go to High School. It was located on North Jefferson Street, across the Wabash River. Youngsters made the trek twice a day. One of our new neighbors was the Watkins family. The Yingling and Rader families had for a number of years been the Thanksgiving Day guests of Judge Watkins and his family. Now we were to be their near neighbors. The Judge owned a horse named "Grover" and the Judge driving old Grover was a familiar sight for many years. The Horace Weese family had long been our church friends - now we were neighbors. Rosanna and Lucile became close friends, going back and forth to school, spending most of their waking hours together. Robert Weese, the youngest son, played with our boys. When Joe Weese won the High School oratorical contest, my sons raised a flag in our yard. Ever since when we have had occasion to celebrate, we say - "Let's run up a flag".

While living on Charles Street, Uncle Sol Weimer and Ethel visited us. He was able to see many friends made in Roanoke years ago, when he taught in the Roanoke Classical Seminary. Allen and Kirk salvaged a row boat and named it "Ogarita", one of Ethel's names. The fact that it was an Indian name may have biased the choice. The neighbor-

There is a great deal of interest in the

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JENNIE E. RADER

Huntington, Indiana



JENNIE E. RADER

1897

hood boys had a christening which was duly written up in the "Huntington Herald".

As long as we lived in Huntington, Uncle Eli was to pass my door daily. He and his family had moved from Roanoke. As I look back I realize what a bond it was to my childhood days to be able to glance out the window, see Uncle Eli and talk to him. There were other links to the past. Aunt Mary Windle, Uncle Martin Bash's daughter and her family lived on North Guilford. It was good to see her daughter, Ione Windle, Stults, for we had been close in our teen-age years. Her brother, Frank, married Jessie Heiney. It was a happy day when Lucile could spend a day with them. In recent years we have often been in the home of their daughter, Camille, in Bronxville.

Edwin Bash, going in to business in Huntington, had not gone with his parents, Uncle Henry and Aunt Susan Bash when they moved to Washington Territory. He married Elizabeth Kenower, whose friendship I have long cherished. Our two families spent many happy hours together. As long as there is a member of this family in Huntington, he or she will always be an anchor to bind the tie, that makes, in spite of absence, the feeling of being a part of that community.

When Allen was ready for college, we moved to Evanston, Illinois, where my daughter was a sophomore at Northwestern University. Allen received a scholarship, Kirk enrolled

in the Academy. We were to live in that delightful town for three years. I use the word "town" advisedly for it was later to become a city. Evanston, as well as the University, brought much in the way of cultural enjoyment. To be able to be in Chicago so quickly was a special treat. Not since Cincinnati days, except for occasional trips to Chicago, had I been able to enjoy the theatre. "East Lynne" and "Uncle Tom's Cabin" had been almost the extent of Huntington offerings.

Two performances I remember vividly. One was David Warfield in "The Music Master". We could not understand how the gentleman sitting next to me could remain so dry eyed. Lucile and I had to linger to the last before we could make our way to the exit. Another time we were delayed in making the train for a matinee performance with Richard Mansfield in "Hamlet". We knew we would be late for the opening curtain. The performance had begun. Lucile asked for two one-dollar seats, those were the days. We were ushered to the right lower box and to two of the choicest seats. The house had been sold out, except for several boxes. These were sold to late comers at whatever price they named. Needless to say we enjoyed every moment of the afternoon.

Our home, in Evanston, was a mecca for our children's friends. The girls had what they called "cozies" on Friday afternoons. Sometimes they gathered in our living room,

often singing in the candle light. Frances Graves sang Scotch songs, and Mabel Northrup singing for our great enjoyment. Ten years later, Lucile and I were on a Western trip. We stopped at Lake Louise for the night, when we went into the dining room, there was Mabel and her husband who were on their honeymoon. Alterations were being made in the ballroom of the Chateau, empty except for the piano. Frank found candles, played her accompaniments and Mabel sang for an hour or two. Gradually we could see shadowy figures across the room. We realized that guests were listening. My daughter and I were in Evanston with our memories.

The boys and their friends had no compunction about raiding the icebox. It behooved us to keep the cookie jar well filled. The girls were not averse to helping themselves when they dropped in between classes. Two Huntington neighbor boys, Marshall Beck and Paul Taylor, followed Allen. Harry Allen, Harry and Joe Weese were all in Evanston. We had quite a Huntington contingent. Especially when Rosanna Weese lived with us while she studied music in Chicago.

With these young friends and so many opportunities to enjoy music and the theatre, the three years in Evanston passed all too quickly. Meanwhile my husband's business had taken him to Des Moines, Iowa. Immediately

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after Lucille was graduated we moved to Iowa. She spent her freshman year at Willard Hall. Now Allen was to live at the Phi Delta Theta House for his senior year. At Thanksgiving time we packed a box with chicken, cake and all the trimmings. Allen had not told us his plans to spend the holiday in Wabash, Indiana. When he returned he found that the boys had left little for him. I suppose I was momentarily disappointed but at the same time glad that the other boys had shared Allen's Thanksgiving.

We were to live in Des Moines for seven years, marked by several "firsts" for me. We had not previously owned a home. When we bought that first home it gave me great contentment. My small garden was a never-ending delight.

One Christmas we had several roses from it for our table.

During these years I went East for the first time. A trip on the St. Lawrence, a week's stay at the Frontenac Hotel, Montreal, then crowding into a memorable few days all that the delights of Boston and its environs afforded - it was a satisfying experience. The next year, it was New York, Atlantic City and a trip by water to Washington, D. C. Ever since leaving Cincinnati, I hungered to see more of the United States. Wilber was not well at the time of the Washington trip. Lucille was laid low by the coastal trip, and retired on our arrival in the late afternoon. I could not understand this. How could anyone

spend her first evening in Washington in a hotel room?

My husband seeing my disappointment took me to the theatre.

Picking up the threads of our friendship of more than twenty-five years earlier, with the Bowen family, our former Oskaloos neighbors, now living in Des Moines, was most satisfying. There were new friends and business associates, our family circle grew and living in Iowa again, after an absence of twenty-five years, had many compensations.



HOME

644 West 36 Street
Des Moines, Iowa

1909



JENNIE and WILBUR RADLER
Des Moines, Iowa

CHAPTER SIX

At the time of my husband's death in 1914, my sons were in homes of their own. Lucile was on the faculty of Iowa Wesleyan College, Mount Pleasant, Iowa. I was asked to be house mother for the Alpha Phi Chapter at Ohio State University. It was exactly what I needed. The Chapter had rented "El Jan", former home of Elsie Janis, which belonged to her mother. Elsie Janis was soon to give much of her time and talent to entertaining our first world war soldiers.

My stay at Ohio State was a happy four years. I was re-living in many ways my three years in Evanston. I stayed at Ohio State for a Summer School session and took a course in Domestic Science. Now I, after thirty-seven years, was back in school. The next year Lucile and I went on a western trip. In California, we visited our Iowa friends, the Bowens, who had moved to Long Beach. We were in San Diego for the Exposition, from there we crossed the border to Tijuana, Mexico. We then went northward and visited the Henry Bash clan in Seattle. After seeing Victoria and Vancouver, we came home by way of Saint Paul, Minnesota, where Lucile was Dean of Women at Hamline University. Six years later, she was to spend a few months in the north -

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west, working with the Y. A. C. A. Our paths continued to cross those of the Uncle, Aunt and cousins who had been so near and dear to me when we all lived in Beanoke.

In 1917, I took a Civil Service examination for the position of matron in a college dormitory. The subject was "Government and Care of Young Women in Dormitories". Numbers were used in place of an individuals name on the examination paper. My number was 21495. My passing grade gave me third place which was not high enough for me to secure the vacant position. I cannot remember the number of people taking the test so I cannot evaluate how much credit my rating was to me. I still have several of the pages on which I have written a few of the answers.

In the First World War, like so many older women, I wanted to do war work. In 1917, Lucile began war work with the National Board of the Young Women's Christian Association. Her field of operation was Michigan, Indiana, Illinois and Wisconsin. I also, was eager to do something, but the fact that I was my daughter's mother, was a serious handicap, as their policy did not permit members of the same family working together in hostess houses. I told her it was a bitter pill to swallow, having a daughter who stood in my way as she did.

When school closed in 1918, I told them, my "El Jan" family I had to do war work. I went to Chicago where, I would, at least be available. An opportunity

came to do volunteer work in the Incoming Detention Camp at the Great Lakes Naval Station. I was an employee of the Young Women's Christian Association Hostess House.

In many ways this period was a heart-breaking one as it was the time of the influenza period. My responsibility was to look after the parents of the men in service who came from far and near. I worked on the night shift, and this seemed to accent the heartache. For many parents the visit was the last with a loved one. The experience was rewarding in spite of the tears. I saw expressions of faith, courage and love, all about me.

During that summer, I attended a Y.W.C.A. Conference at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, and met a number of the Y.W.C.A. National Board and Staff members who were responsible for the war work of the Young Women's Christian Association, both in the States and overseas. In a few weeks, I was asked to become a staff member of the Camp Gordon Hostess House at Atlanta, Georgia. At last, my dream was realized. I was to stay there briefly, then I was transferred to Camp Wadsworth, Spartanburg, South Carolina. I have a few of the letters written my family during the years I worked in these Hostess houses.

In a letter, dated November 26, 1918, I tell my family, there are all sorts of rumours as to the future use of Camp Wadsworth, that day a heart specialist

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arrived to help examine the boys to be mustered out. Later it was reported the camp would be used ^{for} overseas convalescents. A new hostess house was being built which seemed to belie the rumor about the future use of the camp. Later that month construction was halted. I was enjoying every moment of my work and regretted that I had not been able to do war work from our entry into the conflict.

Late in November, I wrote of decorating the Lounge with holly for the Christmas season for I spent the winter at Camp Wadsworth. All my life had been spent in the midwest, it was a new and exciting experience to have the men, who were detailed to the hostess house, bring in holly trees to decorate the lounge. Melville Tuttle, boyhood playmate of my sons, added much to my Christmas pleasure. The Butler family, our near neighbors in Huntington, had three sons in the service, these I saw in all three of the camps.

Negro privates drove the hostess House car. In the late winter, I wrote of William, the current detail. He was taken suddenly ill and Mr. Terrance of the Y.M.C.A. asked us to take care of him. The doctor thought that he might have influenza. William needed to live in a home while we awaited developments. In a few days he was up and about. I considered him my special responsibility and continued to care for him for a few days. Writing home about him, I said - "he needs washing and scouring, be sent to school to learn a lot of things". I wonder

whatever became of William, he had many potentials.

With the imminent closing of the Camp Wadsworth hostess house, I was sent back to Camp Gordon, to serve as receiving hostess. Early in March I received a telegram from the Y.W.C.A. headquarters that I had been recommended for the position of Director of the Y.W.C.A. work at Camp Sherman at Chillicothe, Ohio. The work was different from that in the other camps. It was a hostel for nurses. I was glad for the years spent at Ohio State, the Summer School session and the Civil Service examination. Perhaps in those years, I had wanted to do war work, my current work along the way, had been building the stepping stones for my later war-time positions.

Later that month, I went to Chillicothe. I confess I missed the opportunities, I had in the other two camps, helping the boys who had come to me with their problems. Major General E. Glenn was Commanding Officer at that time. In the other camps there had been direct communication between the Military authorities and the hostess house. At Camp Sherman all the houses were directed from the Central Community House.

Whenever possible, I visited the hospital. I remember early in my stay, I visited a surgical ward. The first lad I talked with, was from Fort Wayne, Indiana. He seemed happy to be talking to a fellow-Hoosier. The boy in the

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next cot finally said - "Lady, here's a chair over by my cot". The Hoosier kept on talking until another began to call him names and a pest, so I moved on to speak to others. When I left, all, who were able, were singing at the top of their voices - "Who Won the War".

At Camp Sherman, I met many whom I had known previously. One day, as I was coming out of the Community House, some one called - "Aunt Jennie". It was my nephew, Kenneth Nelson of Elkhart, Indiana. A Lieutenant and as handsome a lad as you could know. As I sat writing to my family about seeing Kenneth, General Glenn and his daughter came in to chat with me.

In April I received a letter from Mrs. E. H. Townsend, Chairman of the Y.W.C.A. Hostess House Committee. I quote it in full because Mrs. Townsend was writing of the unusual piece of work that had been undertaken by the Young Women's Christian Association as expressed in the service to our men in uniform and their families. This gave the Association, locally and nationally, unlimited opportunities, in cooperation with other organizations to provide a bit of home atmosphere and friendliness for men in our Armed Forces:

April 10, 1919

My dear Mrs. Rader:

It is my privilege to express for the National Hostess House Committee the appreciation that we all feel for the work you have done in the Hostess House at

Camp Wadsworth and to tell you how grateful we are for your assistance in carrying out the policies of the War Work Council of the National Board.

It is entirely due to the personal efforts and unstinted giving of self, on the part of our hostesses through the Army camps that have won and held the pleasant reputation for hospitality and friendship.

Will you accept the sincere thanks of the National Hostess House Committee for your help in this unusual piece of work in which we have the honor to be pioneers.

Believe me,

Sincerely yours,

Alice G. Townsend

While I was at Camp Sherman which became a demobilizing centre, the armistice was signed and I stayed on for the post-war days. The Hostess House program of the Young Women's Christian Association, divided itself quite naturally into three parts; there was the time of training and sending of troops overseas; the period of the influenza epidemic; and the interval of demobilization. As it happened, I had participated in all three endeavors.

First, as a volunteer at the Great Lakes Naval Station, when the epidemic was rampant; then at Camp Gordon and Camp Wadsworth, finally to see the men mustered out of service at Camp Sherman. In addition, since housing has always been a need of young women, the Young

On the 1st of May 1900, the following was received from the Hon. Secy. of the Interior, Washington, D.C.

RECEIVED MAY 1 1900
DEPT. OF THE INTERIOR
WASHINGTON, D.C.

TO THE SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR
WASHINGTON, D.C.

DEAR SIR:

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 28th inst.

and in reply to inform you that the same has been forwarded to the proper authorities for their consideration.

I am, Sir, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,

JOHN D. HAY,
Secretary of the Interior.

Enclosed for you are two copies of a report of the Commissioner of the General Land Office, dated and captioned as above.

I am, Sir, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,

JOHN D. HAY,
Secretary of the Interior.

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 28th inst.

and in reply to inform you that the same has been forwarded to the proper authorities for their consideration.

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JOHN D. HAY,
Secretary of the Interior.

Women's Christian Association has tried to do its share in meeting this challenge. It was a plus satisfaction to me to have a part in helping to meet this need for the nurses at Camp Sherman. It warmed the cockles of my heart to have Mary M. Roberts, Chief Nurse A.N.H. write to National headquarters - "Mrs. Rader has, of course, been with us only a short time, but she gives us the same assurance of loyalty and effort to support the Military organizations in every way, at the same time, making the "Y" an agreeable home for young women".

In November 1919, I became a staff member in the Chicago office of the National Board of the Young Women's Christian Association, which served the associations in four midwest States. At that time, a staff of fifty was needed to carry on the Advisory program in that area. Each day brought many to our doors, my work was to make the contacts between the visitor and the Staff member best able to meet the particular need. Many of the enduring friendships that have enriched my life, stem from these associations.

The time came when retrenchment was necessary as life became more normal for everyone. When it was known I was leaving, I was offered the position of Assistant to the Director of Ida Moyer Hall, University of Chicago. My responsibility was to be hostess for the University

affairs scheduled for the evening hours. Again I was enjoying the life of a great university. We lived for a time in a furnished apartment near the campus. When it became necessary to move, a search began for an apartment not too far distant from Ida Hoyer Hall, because of my late schedule.

One Sunday morning as we were on our way to the University Chapel, we passed a beautiful home with a "For Rent" sign in the window. I said - "I could live up to a house like that". Believe it or not, within a week or two, we were calling it home. It was the former home of Congressman M. T. Hull, who instead of renting it, gave it to the Unitarian Theological Seminary, Meadville, Pennsylvania. It was to be used as a Center, to be affiliated with the University of Chicago. It had been suggested to the President of the Seminary that I might be interested in serving as hostess for the Centre. Soon I was busy in two places. A group of young men interested in social problems and studies, students in various departments and colleges of the University, lived at Meadville House. No meals were served. Each Sunday there was a social hour followed by a Forum discussion. This brought other students to the Centre.

The dual responsibility of my schedule continued for some time. Later I was asked to give full time to Meadville

House. After a time I was told that there were a number of women in the Unitarian fold who thought my responsibility should ^{be} carried by one of them. I had been a member of the United Brethern, Congregational and Methodist churches. I might have become a Unitarian. But remembering my eagerness such a short time ago, to do war work, I retired from the post in favor of the Unitarian "sister".

The parting gift from my Headville family was a volume of Walter De la Mare's "Memoirs of a Midget", which had just been published. On the fly leaf was written - "To bring you the gratitude of the boys of Headville House for a year of happy memories". I like to think that one reason for the choice of the gift was that Mr. De la Mare had dedicated the book to his mother. I often wonder where the paths of these young men have led them in the more than twenty years since theirs crossed mine. I have thought especially of Lawrence H. Lou, the first Chinese gentleman that I had been privileged to call a "friend".

In the Fall of 1923, I went back to Ohio State to a new generation of Alpha Phi. It was a very happy year for me, making new friends and seeing my girls of other years. Perhaps they thought I was anchored there. Lucile accepted a position with the Buffalo Young Women's Christian Association - she persuaded me to join her.

Not many weeks elapsed before I was asked to take the position of Residence Secretary in the Kenmore Branch of the Buffalo Y.W.C.A. My heart glows when I think of all

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the young women who were so dear to me during the eight years I lived in Kenmore. There were comings and goings but there always seemed to be a group which remained a nucleus generating a "togetherness" mutually beneficial to all of us. As I sit writing ten or more years later I am thinking about all of you. Where have paths taken you - Olive, Marie, Blanche, Helen, Thelma and Hazel, just to round up a half dozen. What a reunion we could have. Not only these young women but thoughts of staff colleagues and volunteers come crowding in. Lucile had gone to the Panama Canal Zone. Reluctant as I was to become a "lady of leisure" I was persuaded by friends and family to join her. My anticipation in seeing another part of the world knew no bounds.

CHAPTER SEVEN

After a delightful two months with friends and family in Bronxville, New York, I set sail at one o'clock the morning of October 5, 1932, aboard the Grace Line's "SANTA MARIA". I was fortunate to be the only occupant of a cabin for three. Atha unpacked, Allen had a way with stewards, without a care in the world, I was starting a new adventure. For the most part it was a calm voyage. Many of the passengers came from England and were bound for West Coast South American ports. My deck chair was next to that of the Honorable Mrs. Phyllis E. Balfour, the daughter of an English Lord who was returning from a world tour with her husband. They were living in Chile, where later I was to see the name Balfour connected with many business interests. My brief acquaintance with Mrs. Balfour added greatly to the pleasure of my first ocean voyage.

My daughter had arrived in Balboa, when rumblings of a revolt in the Republic of Panama, were being heard. Letters, written after her arrival in November 1930 and the morning of the revolution January 2, 1931, were full of interest. She wrote that the Richard Taylors had taken her to 4th of July Ave., that she might see a close-up of a real revolution. I was intrigued by that name for the avenue. One of the first things I wanted to do was to see this street in Ancon which separates the Canal from the Republic of Panama.

It was on a higher level. As you stood at any point, the panorama of Panama City spread out before you.

Through letters, newspaper clippings and the eyes of my daughter, I learned something of the events that led up to that morning of the second of January. The revolution had been planned for at least seven months and was carried out with careful attention to details. The members of the Accion Comunal had met the previous evening, divided itself into three sections. One had gone to the Sabanas police station, another to the central police station, the third to the Presidencia.

Early in the morning the two police stations were seized as well as the president's palace. Telephone and cable communications were cut, police officers were behind bars. The Supreme Court met almost immediately appointing Dr. Harmedio Arias, provisional president. The success of the revolution was due to careful planning and skilled leadership.

In a clipping from the Panama-American newspaper of January 3, may be found pungent paragraphs describing some of the early morning scenes in the streets of Panama City. An hour and a half after the hour had struck, a reporter wrote - "an occasional speeding automobile, carrying men armed with revolvers, sped furiously through Central Avenue. Civilians armed with rifles at intervals along the streets, near the Cathedral Plaza, men and women in night attire leaning over balcony rails, characterized the revolutionary scene".

Amazing quiet prevailed. Men stood in doorways, knots of young men, with an occasional woman, clung to building at intersections and far off toward the Presidencia, rifle shots cracked. Most of the revolutionists were wholly unfamiliar with their weapons. A heavy fellow, in soiled white, and a felt hat, was summoned from the police station. He started "off at a dog trot, rifle in hand, looking more like a hunter than a soldier".

Far from the center of disturbance on "H" Street, near the Panama-American newspaper office, was a policeman in uniform, under his arm a package of lunch. No one was on the street. He was headed toward Fourth of July Avenue, not hurrying but a little furtive. Evidently he hoped his presence was unknown. Excited groups on Central Avenue numbered from two to a half dozen, stopped all passers by asking - "what is it all about?". They were apprehensive though evidencing neither panic nor alarm.

Excerpts from a hand-bill distributed on the streets at noon on the day of the coups, outlined the motive and the goal of the revolutionists: "Moved by the purest patriotism and desiring to give back to the country government by the law and the constitution to re-establish republican constitutions, the respect and aid of all citizens is called to the present movement. In it there has been no desire of personal benefit nor any shadow of personal ambition.

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We aspire to impress on the nation a new policy which will have as its base of government purely republican, which will guarantee lives and property and be a shield for defense to the proper rights of the citizens of a republic".

After the ten-hour revolution which became a complete success when Harmodio Arias was appointed Secretary of Government and Justice, after Florencio Arosemena resigned. Much of the success of the outbreak was attributed to the fact that troops were not sent in to Panama City from the Canal Zone.

The start was so well timed that important posts were captured before there was communication with the Canal Zone. When news reached the Canal Zone authorities, General Preston Brown, conferred with Roy Tasco Davis, our Minister at the Legation. The only participation of our troops during the day was establishing provost guards at the Legation and later at the Palace entrance when Mr. Davis conferred with the former President at the early hour of seven thirty. Guards at the Zone border discouraged Americans from entering Panama City. Those living there, moved about with complete freedom and were in no danger at any time. By the afternoon of January the third, Ricardo Alfaro, had accepted the call, of the Supreme Court of Panama to assume the presidency. He had been serving as Minister to the United States.

Let us return to my arrival in Cristobal. When the "Santa Maria" docked, I was met by Lucile and her friends. I did not transit the Canal on the "Santa Maria". There were only glimpses of Colon and Cristobal on that early October morning. In later months I was to know both communities. In the two-hour train trip to Balboa, as the train sped along the edge of the Canal, many vivid recollections of my childhood came to mind. The railroad closely parallels the Canal. It affords an excellent opportunity for viewing the Gatun, Pedro Miguel and Miraflores Locks, the Gatun and Miraflores Lakes. I became particularly interested in the Miraflores Locks, a few months later I was privileged to turn the levers that opened the gates to allow the U. S. GRANT to pass through the Canal at this point. One can have no conception of the engineering wonders of the Canal until the Locks are seen in operation. When you transit the Canal by water, the ship is lifted eighty feet above sea level by the engineering marvel of the great locks. When I first saw the operation, at close hand, a ship was in each chamber, going in opposite directions.

If I only had the ability to describe my first impressions of the tropical beauty of the Canal Zone and its environs. The marvelous sky line, which blends with the hills and tropical verdure; the avenues of palms and flowering trees, contrast, yet blend with the soft red roofs of the Army buildings and the quarters of the civilian

employees, and Military personnel, not living in the barracks of the Army Post and Naval stations, all contribute to the total panorama. It is difficult to separate the first impressions of the Canal Zone and Panama City, from those of later months after our trip to Ghile.

In 1932, between the Atlantic and the Pacific, along the Canal, were three Army posts and villages built near the terminals to provide housing for the Canal Zone employees and the necessary public buildings for the maintenance of operation. I was to make many new friends in these Canal Zone communities.

On the day of my arrival, since I had crossed the Isthmus by train, I was on hand to greet the "Santa Maria" when she reached Balboa. Since saying good-bye to my fellow passengers that morning, I had seen in the few short hours so much of interest and beauty, that I felt more or less like a seasoned traveler in that part of the world. The next few days were filled to the brim with sight-seeing and getting passports, for we were to spend Lucile's two month's vacation in travel on the West Coast of South America. Naturally, I wanted to see as much of Panama as I could before sailing. I found Panama City fascinating with its narrow streets, its Oriental shops and its cathedrals.

One late afternoon, we had tea at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Donald T. Baker, a commission merchant who had lived in Panama City for eighteen years. They lived in a

typical Spanish house, very quaint, at the edge of the sea wall. It had been the old Marina Building for small boats from Taboga and up the coast. We sat in the patio and looked out over the wharf to passing boats of every description. It was a delightful spot for a cup of tea.

Panamā translated literally from the Indian means - "abundant fish". Christopher Columbus visited the shores of Panama on his fourth and last voyage in 1502. He was seeking the secret of the strait which should lead on to India. He died in the belief that he had reached Asia.

Panama City was founded August 15, 1519. The city soon became the point at which the gold and treasures of Peru were unloaded. An early trip took us to Panama, La Viejo. Nothing is left but the ruins of the old cathedral and nunnery, little to remind one of the glory that was once Spain's. One first sees the ancient, partly ruined bridge, over which Morgan and his blood-thirsty men passed in 1671, to attack and burn the City of Panama. The tower of San Anastasio is almost the only reminder of what was once the richest and most important city in the new world. In the early days there was no cement to use, with the adobe bricks, in the building of cathedrals and other church buildings. Using the whites of eggs they put the bricks together. All the population, rich and poor, gave thousands of eggs to the church, on one side of the cathedral ruins is the date 1620. It is of interest to remember

that when that part of the cathedral was being built, our Pilgrim fathers were landing on our shores.

OLD PANAMA

"Stands naughtbut ruin, half hidden from view
Is a pirate's foul gift to his blood-thirsty Crew"

Three years after the destruction of the old Panama City, a new city had risen on a site five miles to the North. Material salvaged from the old city was used in the construction of the new. In spite of many modern features, its well paved streets, hundreds of motor cars, Panama City is essentially Spanish. Although to find real foreign charm one must go to the back streets, quaint and narrow, with over-hanging balconies, to the water front and to the markets. Palm-fringed beaches, encircling hills, the islands in the bay, all add to the charm of Panama City. As one stands, for instance, on Fourth of July Avenue in Ancon, one looks down on a sea of red roofs and church spires, seeing over and beyond, mountain ranges.

A ten-minute bus ride took us from Balboa to Panama City. One can easily see all places of interest in the downtown part of the city, since they are so near one another. The Central Plaza at the foot of Avenida Central, is the centre of many community activities, which is fitting, since it was here that Panama's Declaration of Independence was proclaimed. The cathedral gives stateliness to the Plaza. It is said that it was made possible by the saving of a

and the other two, the first of which is the most important, and the second is the most important.

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Negro archbishop, who by his own efforts, had risen from obscurity. The See of Panama is said to be the oldest in the world. Central Avenue is lined with shops and bazaars where we could buy very reasonably, the products of the world. The old cathedrals, each with a fascinating history, were of great interest to me. The cathedral facing the Plaza is perhaps the most imposing, with its twin towers covered with a mosaic of pearl shells.

We were leaving in two weeks for Chile, much had to be crowded in, getting acquainted with the Canal Zone. It was interesting to learn first hand of the many operations necessary to the maintenance of the Canal. The shipping interests are on the Atlantic side, perhaps more business of all kinds is transacted in Colon and Cristobal, the Atlantic terminal towns. All the administrative departments are housed in Balboa. Authority is vested in a Governor as head of the organization known as the Panama Canal. The governor is also president of the Panama Railroad. The Panama Canal is an independent establishment in Government service, directly under the President, but as a matter of executive arrangement, the Secretary of War represents the president in the administration of Canal Zone affairs.

In front, leading up to the Administration Building, so beautifully situated on Balboa Heights, are one hundred and twenty-three steps. There is no other approach to the

front of the Building. To the rear are the curving roads which furnish the approach for automobiles from the lower level and the Quarry Heights Army Post. The Balboa Heights Postoffice is in the Administration Building, we usually found a way to drive up for our mail. It helped your figure if you walked up once a day, preferably in the evening. It was then that the view was breath-taking, with hills close by and in the distance, except on the ocean side, we seemed to be surrounded by hills.

From the steps of the Administration Building, I looked down the palm-lined Prado, a street of red-roofed, concrete homes of Canal Zone employees, to the Balboa Club House, to its right the Commissary. I was soon to learn that the greatest indoor sport in the Canal Zone is shopping in the commissary, owned and operated by the Government. Except for the limited number of articles such as magazines and postcards available at the Club House, nothing could be bought or sold except in the retail commissary, operated solely for government employees. No money is exchanged after the employee has purchased the commissary book. My daughter, because of her Y.W.C.A. position, enjoyed all the privileges of a Canal Zone employee. Early morning shopping was the vogue. Most mornings found us at the commissary by eight o'clock. An hour or two was required to finish the daily marketing in these well-managed "super markets". In the past years

of the Second World War, the ration books have reminded me of the patient waiting queues of shoppers at the Balboa Commissary.

All Canal Zone employees are divided into two groups - gold and silver. During the construction days, the white employees were paid in gold, West Indian and other Negro employees in silver. Each silver and gold community has its Club House and Commissary. I was to make many friends in all these Zone towns because of the program of the Young Women's Christian Association.

My first glimpse of Colon and Cristobel were followed by frequent visits to the Atlantic side after our return from Chile. Colon was really founded by the American builders of the Panama Railroad (1850-1855), Chauncey, Stephens and Aspinwall, although Columbus was the first white man to visit Panama. In building the Canal, a terminal was needed. For a short time Colon was named Aspinwall. Cristobel was the name given to the American town, separated by an imaginary line from Colon, in the Republic of Panama. We might think of it as one city with an international border running through, separating the two towns.

Practically all the land in Colon is owned by the Panama Railroad, under its original franchise from Colombia. As the United States owns the Panama Railroad, it has thus

become the owner of the land but cannot sell it. Colon is now a city of thirty thousand but when the Canal Commission began its work, the population was probably not more than three thousand, consisting of Jamaica Negroes and natives of mixed Spanish, Indian and Negro blood.

After the completion of the railroad in 1855 and the arrival of the Isthmus Commission in 1905, Colon remained little more than a swampy, disease-ridden spot. Over many years the French and Americans carried the dream of a trans-continental waterway at this point. Speaking in 1825, Henry Clay, fully alive to the importance of the Canal, said - "it will form a great epoch in the commercial affairs of the world". As I became a bit familiar with the early history and struggles of the construction, I was amazed that so much had been accomplished in the twenty-seven years between the arrival of the Commission and that early October day in 1932, when I had my first glimpse of the Atlantic terminal of the Canal and the Panama Railroad.

Countless races comprised the population of Colon, the East Indian, Spaniard, German, Italian, Indians, English, West Indians, to name a few. Front Street with its Oriental bazaars and American shops is a mecca to travelers in this "crossroad of the world". In Colon were flimsy wooden buildings: with an occasional one of concrete, in contrast to the concrete structures and tightly screened quart-

ers of Cristobel. I am sure, there have been many improvements and changes in the years since I first saw its tropical beauty, the contrast, slow movement and the activity of a busy American seaport. I took my first carimetta ride through the streets of Cristobel and Colon.

There is no region in the world of similar area which has played so important a role in the world commerce, at the same time so replete in history, romance and tropical beauty.

After two weeks of sight-seeing and making new friends, it is time for our anticipated trip. The drive along the banyan lined avenue to the Pacific harbor, with its excellent docks and busy activity, furnished a strange contrast to the quiet charm of other nearby streets in Balboa. Our ship was the Grace Line - "Santa Barbara".

The trip down the West Coast of South America and return took twenty-six days. I was seeing a new world. Our first stop, Buenaventura, Colombia, gave us a few hours there as the cargo was loaded and unloaded, but not enough to explore the town. The arrival of a Grace liner was a magnet to the families living along the narrow street facing the wharf. Although I know now that Buenaventura is now considered one of the most advanced cities in the Republic, I can remember little other than the wharf street with its thatched covered huts, built on piles, with boats underneath. We walked along the Calle del Comercio, a narrow street of two-story building

The first part of the report is devoted to a general survey of the situation in the country. It is followed by a detailed account of the work done during the year. The report then goes on to discuss the results of the work and the progress made. It concludes with a summary of the work done and a statement of the conclusions reached.

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with a typical balcony. The Hotel Etasion, a large three-story building, with wide balconies, was the most imposing building I remember. There were the usual stops between this Colombian port and our destination, Valparaiso, Chile, we disembarked at only two ports. First at Guayaquil, Ecuador, where we had a few hours for sight seeing in this chief port of the Republic, so named because the equator runs through the country. One becomes interest^{ed} in the plazas in each city to the south of us, the Plaza Sucre is no exception. As we passed the Parquet del Centenario, we noticed the many children sitting on the benches near the base of the statue. Many of the streets were flanked with buildings on one side, the opposite by tree-lined parkways.

There were two unforgettable days in Lima, Peru, the second to be enjoyed on our return trip. It is necessary to disembark at Callao, the port city of Lima. Lima was founded in 1533, the City of the King. It is laid out as a checker board of streets, in closed square areas, with open plazas at intervals. It was the focus of Spanish colonization in South America. Lima was destroyed by earthquake in 1746. Little of the present city ante-dates that catastrophe, it is a curious blend of old and new. The houses are usually one story adobes and covered with plaster, built about a patio, the outer windows are barred. The more pretentious are two stories, with balconies overlooking the street which you early discover is the typical pattern.

The chief plaza is Plaza de Armas, all have fountains, shrubs and flowers. Many paved avenues are favorite promenades, for the poorer classes, a favorite is the Alameda de los Decalcos. north of the Remac River, a shady avenue with statues and marble benches, leading to the monastery of the bare-foot friars. In spite of so many modern improvements the past still presides. More than fifty colonial churches are scattered over the city. Luncheon at the imposing Hotel Bolivar was a high point of the day.

We were to make brief stops at other coastal towns as we travelled south. We arrived at Mollendo, Peru, at daybreak. The sea coast at this point is very rough, at times it is impossible to stop there. Since the coast line is as high as it is, passengers are taken up from small launches or lowered in to motor boats in baskets, then taken out to the steamer. All the Santa Barbara passengers were interested in a couple from Philadelphia who were going over the Andes to the Inca country. In the late afternoon the captain called our attention to some snow peaks in the distance. Another interesting family was that of Dr. and Mrs. Jones with their two little daughters who were returning to Chanaral, where he was the doctor for the Anaconda Copper Company. The northern coast of Chile rises almost vertically out of the sea, so the precarious loading and unloading of passengers and cargo proved a highly interesting diversion.

When we arrived at Valparaíso, we were warmly welcomed by the two Y.W.C.A. secretaries from the States and by several from the Presbyterian Mission. Prior to our trip one of the Mission teachers spent a few days at the Balboa Y.W.C.A. enroute for her furlough. She wrote her colleagues of our coming, the entire Mission added very much to our pleasure. The days we enjoyed in this Port city were to our minds the most interesting and fascinating of our entire trip along the Coast.

Our pension, high on the hill, overlooked the beautiful harbor deep enough to accommodate the largest vessels afloat. To reach our pension it was necessary to use the ascensors, which are inclined passenger elevators or cars. This means of transportation reminded me of the "inclines" of my days in Cincinnati. There was much to see of interest in downtown Valparaíso and on trips to the metropolitan areas, to Vina del Mar, for instance, a beautiful residential district. Shortly after our arrival we attended Armistice Day observance held in the Church of England Cathedral. It was most impressive, I remember it as other days have come and gone.

It was early Spring in South America, we daily visited the flower market. It was a common sight to see the poorly clad with a flower tucked behind an ear or trudging along the road, swinging a flower in his or her hand. Chile is a land of contrast, very little of middle ground between

the rich and the poor. The contrast arises from differences in inheritance, opportunity and outlook.

After some days of getting acquainted with Valparaiso, we motored to Santiago, built upon a beautiful plain about 1860 feet above sea level. The city has all the characteristics of a modern capitol.

The Plaza facing the Plaza de Armas, erected originally in 1619, was destroyed by an earthquake thirty years later and not rebuilt until after 1748. But with all the charm and interesting history of both Valparaiso and Santiago, the highlight of our trip was ten days in Southern Chile, the Switzerland of South America. We visited five small villages nestled in the mountains. We hoped to go to Montevideo, to visit a friend, but a railroad strike on the Transcontinental Railroad prevented us. At that time we were not so air-travel conscious and frankly budget-stretching could not include a trip by air.

After about a month in Chile, we returned to Balboa, arriving several days before Christmas. I had six months of getting acquainted with the Canal Zone, Colon and Panama City. I was always glad for an excuse to slip over to Panama City, to wander along its quaint streets, rest in the cathedral plaza, watching the world go by. The beauty of the Canal Zone was always intriguing. I often close my eyes and re-trace my walks along the streets bordered with palms. The broad-leaved breadfruit trees,

lovely flowering shrubs, the fragrant frangipane, the rows of banyan trees, the hibiscus hedges, not forgetting those of croton, purple and cerise bougainvillea. formed a hedge at the bottom of the Administration Building.

Never can I forget the drives through Quarry Heights (Army headquarters), where tropical landscaping could be seen at its best. It was especially beautiful in the evening, with lights gleaming below among the palms and the lighted Mariflores Locks in the distant. It is in this part of the world that orchids grow in great abundance, not only in gardens but in all of the out-of-way places. The orchids, native to Panama and only to be found there is the Holy Ghost or Esperitu de Santo. It was named by the Spanish friars of the 15th Century because its centre resembled a white dove. Natives were taught to regard it as sacred and symbolic of the dove of the New Testament.

The Canal Zone and the Republic of Panama during the winter months (called Summer in Panama) are cooled by the steady "trade winds", in the summer (called winter in Panama) are refreshed by short downpours lasting only a few minutes, usually in early morning or late in the evening. It is hot at noon but a siesta gives relief.

Four centuries ago crossing the Isthmus was a trip of weeks, sixty years ago, many hours, today by air twenty minutes. It was Theodore Roosevelt, who in 1906, visited

the Isthmus of Panama to see how the work was progressing. It was a project close to his heart. His visit had the effect of spurring on the work to completion.

At the time of the First World War, the National Board of the Young Women's Christian Association had established two centers, one in Cristobel, the other in Balboa. During the years since it carried on a most effective program. The leadership and a portion of the budget was provided locally. The Board and committee members were for the most part the wives of the Canal Zone employees who had been there for many years. In the early 1930's the Pension Plan had been launched, "old-timers" were planning to leave the Zone. This made it increasingly difficult to raise the necessary budget and to provide leadership. The depression made retrenchment necessary in the States, it was regretfully decided to close the Canal zone work. In the summer of 1933 we returned home via the United Fruit Line. Our last night on the Zone was spent at the Hotel Washington in Cristobel.

Our first stop was at Cartagena, Colombia. We had friends there, so we had a satisfying visit while cargo was loaded and unloaded. Early in the 17th Century this port city was called the "Queen of the Indies". It is surrounded by old fortifications for at one time Cartagena was one of the most strongly fortified harbors on the

northern coast of South America. A 16th Century cathedral is an historical landmark, four hundred century old gates welcome you. We had been able to see the two important port cities of Colombia, Cartagena washed by the Caribbean Sea, Buenaventura on the western coast washed by the Pacific Ocean. The real charm of Cartagena is in its walled section. You find here, as in all the towns and cities we visited, the narrow, twisted streets, the over hanging balconies. parks with many statues, trees and a confusion of flowers. Life in the walled city goes on much as it did in the 16th Century. There was time for a drive to Barranquilla. Next to Brazil, it is the most famous coffee mart in the Western hemisphere.

Our next and last port of call was Kingston, Jamaica. The harbor is sixth in size and considered one of the best in the West Indies. The background of the Harbor is the Blue Mountain Range. Kingston is a modern and important city but not very attractive, hot and glaring. At the time of our visit, it was considered the most inadequately lighted city in the West Indies. Earthquakes and fires left little of the old and nothing of the foreign or exotic. I had learned of the bloodthirsty Morgan and his raiders in Panama, here I was to learn that he had been knighted and as Sir Henry Morgan, was Lieutenant Governor of Jamaica. My guess is that he had not reformed one whit.

The internationally celebrated hotel is the Myrtle Bank. It is near the business section and was in 1932 adjacent to a slum area. It is directly on the harbor and a haven with its spacious verandas and cool above the sweep of the lawn, shaded by palms. Although there are places of interest in Kingston and nearby Spanish Town, the former capitol, it is the Myrtle Bank that spells Kingston to me. We had time for a sight seeing trip about the city and to the nearby country side, where we could see the tropical foliage which in some respects was a bit different. Most of the trees are evergreen. Many of the larger trees bear magnificent flowers, many of them belong to the violet, verbena or similar families. When in bloom the Spanish elm is a mass of snow white. In contrast, the flowers of the West Indian ebony are brilliant yellow. There were the acacias, mimosa and the scarlet and crimson poincianas. All in all, it was a riot of color. Now we were homeward bound.

On our return to the States we lived in Bronxville, New York and in Phoenix, Arizona, finding in those years many rewarding experiences. In the late Spring of 1939, on my way East, I stopped to see my first great-grandson, Bruce Allen, who was less than a year old. In the Fall of that year, we came to New York, living in Mid-Manhattan, in what is known as the Beekman Hill section along the

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East River. In all the years since my first visit to New York, to live here has been a secret desire. Four years after we came to New York, on my 82nd birthday, I received a telegram saying that my second great-grandson, Norman Lee, had arrived. Now my grandson, Paul Wilber, was the proud father of two.

As I begin to weave in the last threads, I am sitting in my living room, overlooking the East River. In the years of the Second World War, there has been magic in the sights and sounds of the River, both by day and by night. Boats of every kind have plied the River.

Four wars have been fought since I was born in 1880. My life was affected by both the Civil and First World Wars. In the First World War, I tried to do my part in my work with the Young Women's Christian Association, in its program for the men in service, and their families.

In the Second World War, I have done no little. The New York City Alumnae of Alpha Phi, with many other chapters, knitted squares for afghans to be sent to soldiers. There was a paragraph in the "Alpha Phi Quarterly" about the afghan knitting project: "Such enlistment of Alpha Phi friends goes on apace all over the country, for willing, eager hands are to be found everywhere. One of the most willing and eager hands that we know are those of Jennie Brown Rader, house mother to Rho Chapter from 1914 to 1918,

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VOV . 58

JENNIE E. BROWN RADER

400 East 49 Street
New York, New York

1945

and again in 1923 and 1924. She, it is who, puts the final and official touch to all afghans from Fairfield County, Connecticut and New York City Alumnae groups. War work is also a familiar story to her for she served in 1918 as hostess in several Y.W.C.A. hostess houses - Camp Gordon, Atlanta, Georgia; Camp Wadsworth in Spartanburg, South Carolina; Camp Sherman at Chillicothe, Ohio". Hazel Pierson Widney says of Mrs. Rader - "Just to keep the lines of service open, she volunteered to crochet borders on our current share of war work - the well known afghan, so each one goes forth to do its bit, blessed by the long thoughts of her most useful life". It was a great satisfaction and joy to be able to do this. My grandson, Allan, enlisted in the Naval Reserve on September 17, 1942. He was in the Armed Forces Radio Services for three years. On October 4, 1861, his great grandfather, Joseph M. Brown, had enlisted in the 47th Regiment of Indiana volunteers. Eighty-one years later, Allan enlisted. Father and Allan were the two members of my immediate family to see service.

The few blocks in the Beekman Hill Section are rich in history of the American Revolution, the land on which the apartment building where we live, is built on what was then known as "Turtle Bay". It was here that George Washington landed his defeated army after the battle of



ALLEN - JENNIE - KIRK

New York, New York

December - 1938



SKY-LINE OF NEW YORK CITY



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Long Island. The Beekman Mansion, two blocks further North, was the British headquarters. Nathan Hale was tried here, nearby he gave his one life to his country. A public school stands on this corner, it is the voting place for this precinct. I can see from my window Beekman Place, a two-block street, parallel to the East River. Many years after the Revolution, Beekman Hill was the fashionable place for country homes. Several of these homes still stand on Beekman Place.

During the 1938 Christmas week, Kirk came from his home in South Dakota to spend a few days with us. It was the first time in many years that my three children were with me. It was a great comfort and joy. It was Kirk's first visit to New York, so there was sight seeing, Music Hall with its Christmas pageant and Mid-Manhattan in all its festive holiday attire. Atha took a picture of me with Allen and Kirk, in front of the lions, New York Public Library. It's good of the boys but not so good of "yours truly".

The following summer I attended the Weimer Reunion in Stark County, Ohio, near Beach City. For many years, the Weimer clan, from near and far, has gathered at the old haunts. I had not been to Stark County since 1898, I was happy to be there.

Another World's Fair - this one in New York, opened a year after our return from Phoenix. Its site was Flushing, New York on Long Island, perhaps about ten miles beyond the Long Island entrance to the Queensboro Bridge, which is some six blocks North of Beekman Hill. It opened April 30, 1939 and closed October 27, 1940. We visited the Fair a number of times. When we went to the roof of the apartment building, where we were then living, we could see the Tylon, the lighted tower on the Flushing Meadows Park, the site of the Fair. The Tylon was built in the shape of a pyramid, the apex was a pointed spire. The Russians' feelings were injured and they removed their exhibit early in 1940.

Allen has two hobbies - fishing in season and painting just as enthusiastically in the winter. In the Spring and Summer there are weekly fishing expeditions to the choice spots, which Allen has discovered, in the years, since he moved to New York in 1928. I remember Brewster, New York, is quite a favorite. He often takes canvasses with him, and sketches and paints. Recently we were fishing in Dutchess County. Allen had painted several cows on a large canvas. Homeward bound, we passed the home of Lowell Thomas. Allen took the painting which I am sorry to say was not one of his best, and to the surprise of the family, he placed it inside the fence of a meadow, not too near the house. We never heard the fate of this picture - did Lowell Thomas get it?



ATHA NEWHOUSE RADER

San Carlos Roof
New York, New York

1940



KIRK and ALLEN

Deadwood, South Dakota

1945

Allen is blessed with unusual talent, especially, in creating a life-like portrait. He began to paint at the age of forty-two. In High School days he had done pen and ink sketches of Gibson girls - the vogue of that era. When we moved to Evanston, I bought a Course of lessons for him at the Art Institute in Chicago. As I remember it, he did not complete the lessons, athletics and other college activities claimed his interest. In 1941 he painted two life-size portraits of Winston Churchill. He used a photogravure from a Canadian newspaper and studied and original hanging in a Fifth Avenue ^{gallery} for color. Later I learned that Mr. Churchill had gone to Ottawa, Canada, after his visit in Washington, where he addressed the United States Congress in December of 1941. During his visit to Canada, the photograph which was used by the newspaper had been taken by Yousuf Karsh. The Prime Minister returned to Washington on New Years' Eve. Writing of that trip he said - "I was asked to go into the carriage filled with many leading pressmen of the United States. It was with no illusion that I wished them all a glorious New Year - 'Here's to 1942. Here's to a year of toil, a year of struggles and perils, and a long step forward towards victory. May we all come through safe and with honor'."

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Allen gave one of the portraits to Mrs. Joseph Davies whose husband was Ambassador to Russia. She is a friend of the Churchills. She told Allen that when the war is over, she will send the portrait to Mrs. Churchill. This portrait is one of Allen's best. It is hanging in Mrs. Davies' Washington apartment. Meanwhile she loaned the portrait to Mr. Cordell Hull, Secretary of State, in whose office it hung. His many visitors had a chance to enjoy it.

I cannot express what having this portrait of Mr. Churchill means to me. His eyes follow me as I go about my daily tasks. He graces the foyer of my apartment, he gives me "God Speed" when I leave and bids me welcome when I return. He is the focal point. Friends who see it only briefly, cherish the thought of it. Meeting some one, months after his or her first glimpse of the portrait, the conversation inevitably turns to - Allen's portrait of the Great Man of our century.

Sixty-five years ago I left my home in Roanoke, Indiana, to live in a city. I was to enjoy all the advantages that Cincinnati, a growing metropolis, with music and the other arts, contributing to the cultural life of the community, afforded. For the past seven years, I have been enjoying all that New York offers in similar advantages, their breadth only widened by the intervening years of progress and achievement. Most of these years have been World War II years. Now it is nearing Christmas

of 1945, Peace was declared in the late Summer. The approaching Christmas should also be a day of Thanks giving because the free world has been given the priceless gift of peace. This year I have had an added gift, my third great grandson, William Lawton.

In spite of the war years, there have been plays and music to enjoy. So many productions have been marked by a high quality of performance. The year 1939 brought us Gertrude Lawrence in "Susan and God" and Tallulah Bankhead in "The Little Foxes". Three years later provided the superb achievement of Ethel Barrymore, always a favorite of mine, in the "Corn is Green". To be fortunate enough to see Helen Hayes in "Regina" was certainly a delightful experience. In the medium of motion pictures, it was "Gone With the Wind" at the Capitol Theatre, that topped all others. I hope, I am around, when re-runs of Margaret Mitchell's unforgettable story, are shown in neighborhood theatres, I want to see it again.

Ever since Allen made my first crystal radio set, I have marvelled, as I heard voices in distant lands. The Second World War (1939-1945) brought a wealth of such broadcasts. With our radio tuned we could follow intimately world events as they unfolded. We were able to share in the successes and victories, as well as, in the defeats and discouragements. I could mention the

names of a score or more who raised the medium of news broadcasting to a very high level of performance and achievement. Who can forget Edward R. Murrow's voice as it came from England and the European theatre of war - "This is London". I would like to know George Hicks. I shall always be grateful that I was at home with my radio turned on, so that I was privileged to hear his incomparable broadcast on the scene, in the midst of the Invasion of Normandy, on "D" Day. That broadcast in future years may be matched, but in my opinion, never surpassed. Mr. Hicks must, in his heart, have deep satisfaction that he was given the opportunity to relay so dramatically, to an anxious world, all the moments being lived about him, which were to give the victory.

The eyes of the world are turned toward the ideas and ideals inherent in the League of Nations. Millions of people are asking the question - "What plan must be evolved to pave the paths of peace?" Newspapers carry in editorials and by-lines many ideas from many minds. On June 26, 1945, the Charter of the United Nations Organization was signed at the close of the San Francisco Peace Conference. It becomes effective in October. The preamble sets forth the objectives of the organization - "We the peoples of the United Nations, determine to save succeeding generations from the scourge of war to reaffirm our faith in fundamental human rights to live

together in peace with one another as good neighbors
 to unite our strength to maintain international peace and
 security have resolved to combine our efforts to
 accomplish these aims and do hereby establish an inter-
 national organization to be known as the United Nations".

At a meeting of the United Nations held in London
 it was voted to set up provisional headquarters in New York.
 The interim headquarters is located at Lake Success on
 Long Island, about twenty miles from Manhattan. Space
 was given by the Sperry Gyroscope Company. The New York
 City Building located at Flushing Meadows Park, the site
 of the 1939 World's Fair, was converted to the use of the
 General Assembly. As I sit at my window, overlooking
 the East River, my eyes travel across the river over
 Long Island City on the opposite bank, then over Flushing
 Meadows, and a few miles beyond to Lake Success. Thanks
 to the World's Fair days, when we were guided to the Flush-
 ing Meadows, by the lighted Tylon, now, I can more easily
 stem the distance between Mid-Manhattan and the Symbol
 of Peace as it begins to materialize in the minds of the
 delegates who are pledged to international cooperation.

With minds and hearts dedicated to the hope of
 permanent peace, at work so near me, I am confident that
 in this year of 1946, that I am, at least, living on
 the fringe of peace. Born in 1880 and mindful that the
 Second World War ended a few short months ago, and in

The first of these is the fact that the American Medical Association is not a political organization. It is a professional organization, and its primary concern is the welfare of the medical profession and the public. It is not a political party, and it does not have a political platform. It is not a political organization, and it does not have a political agenda. It is a professional organization, and its primary concern is the welfare of the medical profession and the public.

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between living through the Spanish-American and the first World War, I find myself, firm in the belief that this first world-wide effort to promote peace for all peoples, will mark the culmination of that which so many of us devoutly pray for - a lasting peace.

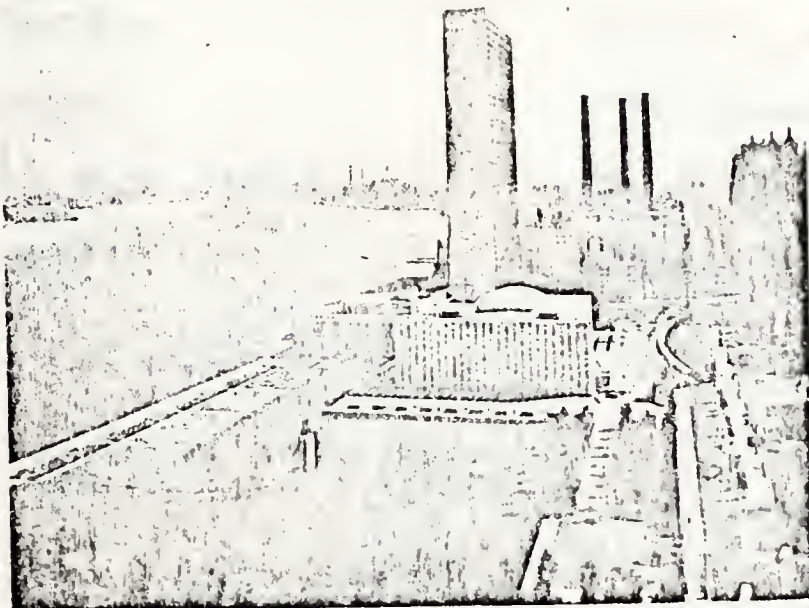
Since the vote was taken in London to choose New York City as a permanent site I am, heart and soul, with those who believe it should be in Mid-Manhattan. There are people striving to find a site, which will become international territory, and serve the peoples of the world. When it is found it will not only provide housing for all the facets of the organisation but will prove to be a meeting of minds and hearts.

The threads are becoming fewer and fewer, the pattern has long been outlined - now it is almost a completed design. The threads of different colors are interwoven but as I look, I see a distinct pattern of love, family ties, friends, faith and an abiding belief in the eternal goodness of men and women as they, too, travel the road. I am thinking of all those who have travelled the path with me, of their spirit of understanding. Recently I read a poem, written by Thomas Curtis Clark - "The Touch of Human Hands". It comes to my mind today, as I think of those whose paths have crossed mine, giving of themselves, that I might grow and fill my small niche -

"The touch of human hands -
 Is such care as was in Him
 Who worked in Galilee
 Beside the silver sea
 We need a patient guide
 Who understands
 And the warmth, the loving warmth
 Of human hands"

It is Easter in 1946, a time for renewing one's
 faith and for meditation, a thoughtful time. It is a time
 to remember, but there is a crystal ball. I am sure that
 it holds, for me, the secret of the last great adventure -

"God keep a clean wind
 Blowing through my heart
 Night and day -
 Cleanse it with sunlight
 Let the silver rain
 Wash away
 Cobwebs and the smothering
 dust that years
 Leave, I pray
 God keep a wind
 Blowing through my heart".



SOURCE MATERIAL

TOUR THROUGH INDIANA IN 1840	John Parsons
OLD TOWPATHS	Alvin P. Harlow
STORIES OF INDIANA	Maurice Thompson
EDITORIAL OF AUGUST 1845	"Port Wayne Times & Peoples Press"
GONEY'S LADY BOOK	October 1841
THE NEW YORK LEDGER	December 4, 1873
CIVIL WAR LETTERS	Mary and Joseph M. Brown
BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH	Gabriel & David Weimer Families
ROANOKE REGISTER	January 24, 1874
SAGA OF A HOOSIER VILLAGE	E. M. Wasmuth
HISTORY OF THE GRIM FAMILY	William G. Long
ANNALS OF THE HARBAUGH FAMILY IN AMERICA	1736 - 1858
TOUR THROUGH INDIANA IN 1840	W. G. Howells
AMERICAN NOTES	Charles Dickens
PICTURESQUE PANAMA	Jean Sadler Heath
ISSUES OF PAN-AMERICAN NEWSPAPERS	Panama City
CULTURA HISPANA	Edwin M. Jameson
U. S. PAMPHLET	"The Panama Canal"
BEHOLD THE WEST INDIES	Amy Oakley
JAMAICA TODAY	Alpheus Hyatt Verrill

